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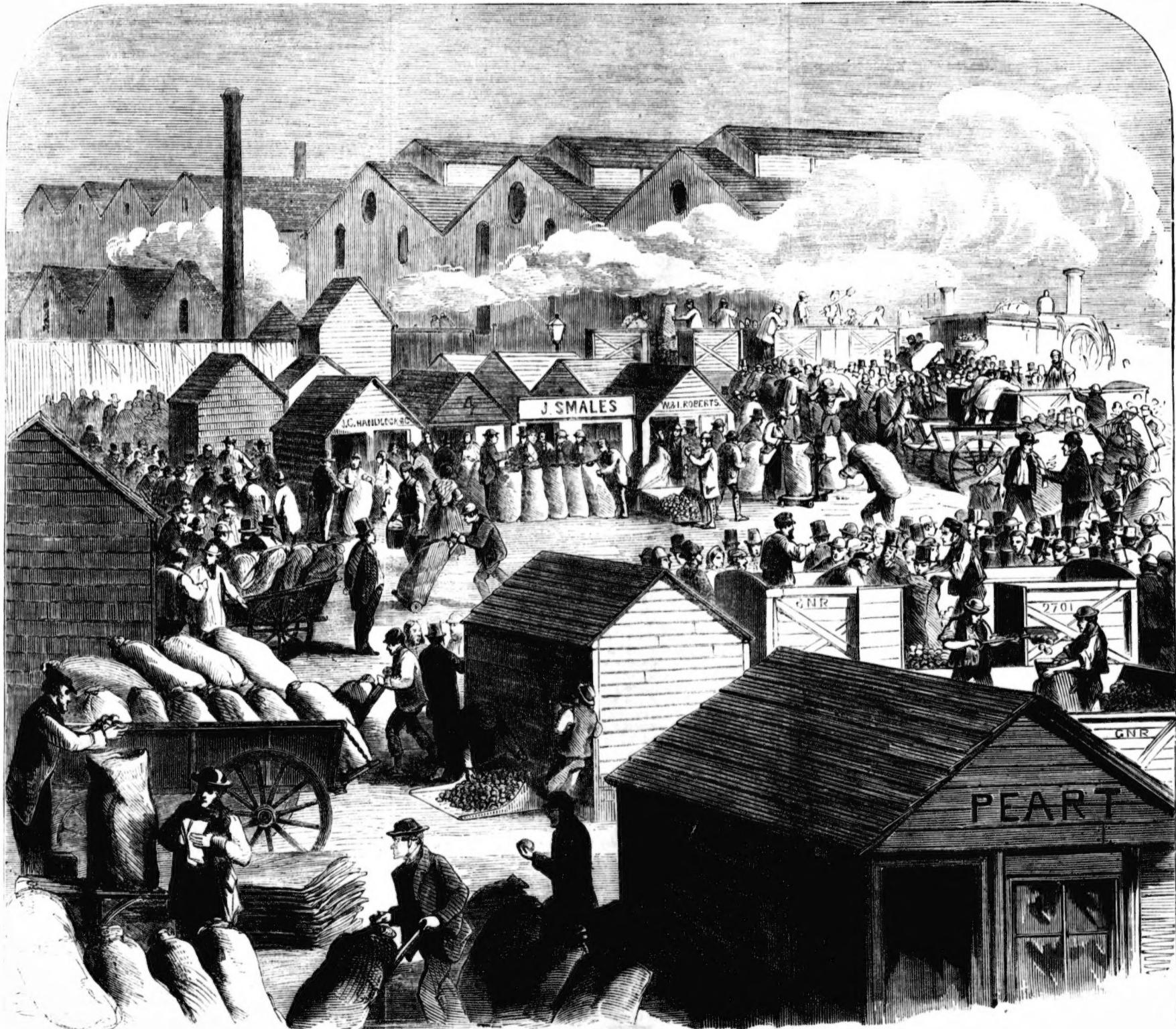
TOPICS OF THE DAY.

The Italian question, never a very simple one, is now becoming more complicated every day. Of all the parties in Italy there is not one that can be satisfied with the Convention by which the French Emperor and the Italian Cabinet agree to transfer the seat of Government from Turin to Florence. A few politicians of Florentine birth may like the increased importance that this arrangement will give to their native city; but among *Italian* parties, properly so called, it can content neither those who desire to constitute Italian unity by violent and revolutionary means, nor those who would reach the same end by peaceful and diplomatic measures. The only difference between the plans of Cavour and those of Mazzini lay in the road by which each proposed to get to Rome; but neither had any thought of going there by way of Florence. Florence has doubtless been chosen as the new capital, not with the view of conciliating the Florentines, for such a step was not necessary, but in the

hope of stopping all cause of offence on the part of the Neapolitans, without at the same time exciting the jealousy of the inhabitants of either Turin or Milan. But it is the fate of those who seek to please every one to please nobody; and, in all probability, neither Milan, nor Turin, nor Naples will approve either of the circumstances under which the new capital has been selected or of the selection itself. To a very large portion of the general population the arrangement will be distasteful, simply because it has been made under the sanction, or, in other words, the dictation, of the French Emperor. As to particular provinces, Naples may feel that, though there was a good reason for not moving the seat of Government from Turin until it could be transferred to Rome, there was none for transferring it either temporarily or permanently to Florence in preference to so many other Italian cities, with Naples among the number. At Turin, we know already, only too well, what the popular sentiment is on the subject; and, considering how superior for pur-

poses of action the Piedmontese have shown themselves to all other Italians, and that without Piedmont the rest of Italy could not have moved a step, it is not surprising that some indignation should be expressed at a change from which Turin will suffer without Italy in general (as far as can yet be seen) in any way profiting.

The official and semi-official journalists of France will not admit that there is any difficulty in the Italian question just now beyond the fact that Venice still remains in the hands of foreigners. The Roman question is, in their opinion, settled, or, at least, in a fair way to settle itself. But those writers who, in England as well as in France, are constantly assuring the Pope that it would be to his own advantage to surrender the temporal power, do not explain how, if he gives up his "patrimony," he is to maintain his independence. He must be a Sovereign or a subject; and, although Italian sympathisers in a Protestant country see no objection to his descending to the position of a subject, his doing so would



THE POTATO MARKET AT THE GREAT NORTHERN RAILWAY, MAIDEN-LANE, KING'S-CROSS.

really amount to the abolition of the Papacy. To that, also, no objection would be made in England; but it is intelligible that such a result should not suit the Pope. Moreover, the Pope must feel bound, within the limits of possibility, to leave to his successor undiminished the power intrusted to him. Altogether, it is difficult to understand how he is ever to give up Rome to be the capital of an Italian kingdom without being compelled to do so by force of arms. On this point the "party of action" are probably right. If they do not drive his Holiness away his Holiness will stay where he is, in spite of all the remonstrances and diplomatic notes that may be addressed to him. But, on the other hand, if they attempt to drive him away they will have the French upon them. It was in view of these difficulties on each side, no doubt, that the Italian Cabinet resolved to abandon for the present all notion of making Rome the Italian capital.

This determination will, it is to be feared, have the effect of prompting the party of action once more to some desperate undertaking in the style of the celebrated Garibaldian expedition, which ended so unhappily (though, had it been allowed to go further, it would have fared much worse) at Aspromonte. We do not wish to undervalue this party, whose chief fault consists in its absolute inability to reckon its own strength. We can understand, and to a certain extent can admire, its conviction that Italy ought to be liberated by the Italians themselves, and that patriots who expect foreigners to assist them in their struggles for freedom are very likely to be deceived and abandoned, while they are almost sure to have to pay dearly in the end for any real help extended to them. But, on the other hand, the Italians, unaided, have never been able to do anything against their Austrian oppressors. Assisted by the French, they have become an independent nation of twenty millions; and for this result they have, after all, paid not very dearly. Six years ago Italy might have been described as a country of twenty-four millions of inhabitants, all Roman Catholics; speaking, with slight variations, the same language, but broken up into fifteen States, of which seven were governed by foreign Princes. With the exception of a few millions in Venetia and at Rome, all the Italians are now free. The party of action, depending on the forces of Italy alone, could never have brought about such a result as this; and it is to be hoped that it will not in the present juncture attempt any rash enterprise that may have the effect of spoiling what has been actually achieved.

THE POTATO MARKET, MAIDEN-LANE, KING'S-CROSS.

FORMERLY the great potato mart of London was in Tooley-street, Borough; and at the wharves which lie between that thoroughfare and the Thames vessels from all the ports on the eastern coast of England, laden with potatoes, used to deliver their cargoes. The Tooley-street market, however, may be said to exist no longer, nearly the whole traffic in the carriage of potatoes having been diverted from the coasting trade to the railways, and to the Great Northern in particular. So silently has this change taken place that even railway shareholders themselves have not been aware of it; and therefore it was that the announcement made by Mr. Packe, at a recent meeting of the Great Northern Company, that the directors were expending £40,000 in improving the condition of their potato market, took his audience completely by surprise. A potato market! Have we such a thing? Where is it? How, possibly, can £40,000 be required for such a purpose? Such was the exclamation, and such the inquiries, which greeted the announcement.

But, notwithstanding the ignorance of the shareholders on the subject, it is nevertheless a fact that one of the most important branches of the traffic on the Great Northern line is the carriage of potatoes. Scarcely had the line been opened when the Yorkshire potato growers applied to the directors to afford them some facilities for the transport of their produce to the London market. Their request was complied with, and the conveyance of a few hundred tons of potatoes in one season from Selby to London was the beginning of a carrying trade which may now be roughly estimated at 85,000 tons a year, or (taking one ton as sufficient during twelve months for consumption by a family of ten persons) an amount of potatoes sufficient to supply the wants of 850,000 persons. Such has been the development of the trade in the course of twelve years; and as it is a growing trade, and one sure to be stimulated by an increase in the amount of accommodation afforded to it, it is not hazarding too much to say that before the lapse of another period of twelve years one half the entire population of London may expect to be supplied with potatoes by the Great Northern Railway. At present this trade is conducted by thirty-five factors, who have hitherto carried on their business in little wooden huts, not unlike sentry-boxes, paying a small toll to the company for the privilege. Badly, however, as they have been housed, they have been far worse situated in regard to the facilities of receiving and forwarding their consignments. They have been altogether without store accommodation, a circumstance which compelled them to get rid of the potatoes the moment they removed them from the company's wagons, which, in itself, has been no easy task, owing to a deficiency of siding accommodation, and the consequent blocks upon the lines. On one occasion, as stated by Mr. Packe, there were as many as 900 trucks waiting to be unloaded. This must have been a great inconvenience to the factors, and no less an inconvenience to the company, whose rolling stock was to that extent crippled so long as the block continued. The recurrence, however, of any such drawbacks is now about to be obviated, for the whole of the old terminus in Maiden-lane (or, as it is now called, York-road) has been set aside as the area of the new market. On that site the company is now building a long range of warehouses, thirty-eight in number, fitted with dry and well-ventilated cellars for the storage of the potatoes, with full facilities for removing them from the railway-trucks and loading the drays that are to convey the potatoes to dealers in Covent-garden Market and elsewhere throughout the metropolis. Of the new market and its appurtenances we will publish an Engraving and some description in a week or two, when the alterations approach completion. In the meanwhile we present our readers with the accompanying View of the existing market.

THE LATE CAPTAIN SPEKE.—The remains of Captain Speke were on Friday week deposited in the family vault under the church of Dowlish Wake, near Ilminster. There was a numerous attendance at the funeral. Captain Grant, Dr. Livingstone, and Sir Roderick Murchison were among the mourners. A subscription to erect a monument to the memory of the gallant officer has been opened under the auspices of Sir Roderick Murchison. Messrs. Coutts and Messrs. Biddulph are the bankers. A cast has been taken of the face of Captain Speke, with the consent of his family; and his bust will adorn the Shirehall at Taunton, in company with two of England's worthies—Locke, and Blake, the great Admiral of the Commonwealth.

MR. JOHN FROST, the well-known Chartist leader, of Monmouthshire, has lately reappeared in public. Since his return to this country, through the Queen's clemency, he has lived in retirement at Stapleton, near Bristol. In his eighty-fourth year (as he tells us), a hale and hearty man, he is now engaged in writing a series of letters to a Newport contemporary, the *Star of Green*.

Foreign Intelligence.

FRANCE.

The Parisians continue to speculate as to what may be the secret object of the Franco-Italian treaty, and look on a renewal of the war with Austria as among the probable results, as it is now seen by the Vienna papers that the Convention is regarded as an offensive act against Austria. The Convention, it is said, has been officially communicated to the Pope and Cardinal Antonelli, who received the communication with great interest, demanded that copies should be left with them, and requested time for mature reflection before expressing any opinion.

M. Vuitry has been appointed Minister President of the Council of State, replacing M. Roulard, who has been appointed Senator Governor of the Bank of France.

AUSTRIA.

Austria, it appears, is about to protest against the Convention between France and Italy. The Frankfort *Europe* states that the Cabinet of Vienna intends to dispatch to Paris a formal declaration to the effect that the Convention is a new and flagrant attack upon the treaties of Villafranca and Zurich. These treaties contained stipulations expressly maintaining the rights of the Grand Duke of Tuscany; and Austria wants to know with what face France can allow Victor Emmanuel to establish the seat of his Government in the capital of that dispossessed Sovereign.

A Vienna paper reports that Lord Clarendon has been pressing Count Rechberg to hasten the settlement of the Schleswig-Holstein question, and advising Austria to accept the Duke of Augustenberg as ruler of the duchies, England being ready to recognise the Duke in that capacity. Lord Clarendon is also said to have urged Austria to come to terms with Italy, and warned her against joining in any northern alliance against the latest movement of the policy of France and Italy.

GERMANY AND THE DUCHIES.

The revenue of Jutland being found insufficient to pay for the provisions served out to the army of occupation, it is now announced that from the beginning of next month a duty will be levied on all goods coming from Denmark into the unfortunate province.

An order of the Government directs that the Prussian army of occupation, numbering about 30,000 men, shall go into winter quarters in the towns of the eastern district of Jutland, between Friedrichshaven and Horsens.

The Prussian military Governor of Jutland has forbidden the local functionaries from holding any communication or receiving any orders from Copenhagen, and adds:—"I consider myself called upon to remind the officials in this province that they are dependent solely upon the existing military government, and are to receive orders or instructions from it alone. Every contrary act will be considered by me as an offence against the existing administration in Jutland, and will be punished accordingly."

THE INSURRECTION IN TUNIS.

Advices from Tunis to the 23rd ult. state that the garrison of Sousse had made a sortie, which was repulsed with loss. The insurgents were buying large quantities of arms.

MEXICO.

The latest advices from Mexico are favourable to the French arms. Juarez, who, it would seem, has not escaped to New Orleans, had been driven from Monterey. The French had taken the port of Matamoras, and it was expected would soon occupy the city, as Cortinas, who was advancing to defend it, had been defeated.

INDIA.

The Bhootan authorities, whose outrage on Mr. Ashley Eden, the British Envoy, will be remembered, have endeavoured to obtain material aid from the Lama of Thibet, but without success. The Home Government, it is said, is disposed to take up the matter energetically. The Indian authorities, however, are supposed to contemplate nothing more than the establishment of a line of frontier forts. Sir Herbert Edwards is likely to be the next Governor of the Punjab.

THE CIVIL WAR IN AMERICA.

We have intelligence from New York to the 19th ult. The most important item of war news is that on the morning of the 18th Sheridan attacked Early near Winchester, in the Shenandoah Valley. A furious battle ensued, lasting throughout the day, and resulting in a defeat of Early and his retreat up the Shenandoah Valley, with a loss of 2500 prisoners, five cannon, and 5000 killed and wounded, among whom are Generals Gordon and Shadler. The Federal loss was heavy. General Russell was killed. Sheridan occupied Winchester.

There is no news of the movements of either of the armies at Petersburg beyond a statement that the Confederate cavalry had made a raid into Grant's lines, near Harrison's Landing, and had driven off 2500 head of cattle; and reports that Sherman was reinforcing Grant, who was extending his left wing and was said to be preparing for another vigorous attack on Lee. A new plan of campaign, by which all the Federal armies were to be concentrated against Richmond, was much talked of. Grant had been to Washington to consult with the President.

New Orleans despatches of the 4th report that four Federal monitors had passed the obstructions in Mobile Bay, and were anchored within shelling distance of the city. Confederate accounts, which are to the 10th, do not confirm this statement, which was discredited at Washington, as official despatches from the Admiral of the 12th make no mention of such an achievement. On the contrary, the Federal land forces were being withdrawn, 2500 men having arrived at New Orleans, and would shortly be despatched on an expedition in a new direction. Southern journals publish rumours that Farragut's fleet was about to attack Wilmington.

Sherman had reported on the 9th that his army was concentrated at Atlanta. Communication between Murfreesboro' and Chattanooga had been restored. Wheeler was retreating. Sherman, in a congratulatory order to his army, on the 8th, attributes his success at Atlanta to Hood's mistake in sending the Confederate cavalry to the Federal rear beyond the reach of speedy recall, which enabled him to make his flank movement to Jonesborough, without fear of being cut off from his communication.

General Sherman had taken an extraordinary step at Atlanta. All the inhabitants were ordered to leave the city, without exception of sex or age; those who consented to take an oath of allegiance to the Union to be sent north, and those who refused, to be passed south. The General had proposed a truce of ten days to General Hood in order to the carrying out of this oppressive order; and the latter, remarking that he had no alternative but to consent, concludes his letter thus:—

And now, Sir, permit me to say that the unprecedented measure you propose transcends in staled and ingenious cruelty all acts ever before brought to my attention in the dark history of war. In the name of God and humanity, I protest, believing that you will find that you are expelling from their homes and firesides the wives and children of brave people.

Sherman's order for the expatriation of the people of Atlanta begins in these terms:—"The city of Atlanta, being exclusively for warlike purposes, will be at once vacated by all except the armies of the United States and such civilian employés as may be retained by the proper departments of the Government." It concludes by prohibiting all traders, settlers, or manufacturers from settling within the limits of fortified places. The following order had been issued by the Provost Marshal of Sherman's army:—

All citizens who are to go south, in compliance with general orders, will assemble in the park of the City Hall, at 9 a.m., Sept. 12, 1864. They will be allowed to take with them only the necessary wearing apparel, sufficient household furniture for their actual comfort, and subsistence enough to last them till they arrive inside the lines of the rebel army. All citizens to go north under same order will apply at once at this office for passes. They will take with them only what they brought here.

Generals Grant and Sherman had urgently appealed to the Government for more men, and publicly recommended immediate enforcement of the draught. Secretary Stanton had ordered the draught to take place on the 19th ult. in all those States which have not supplied the full quota.

General McClellan's letter of acceptance of the Chicago nomination had caused a split in the Democratic party. The peace section declare that he has accepted the nomination without the platform, that he does not represent the sentiments of the convention, and that it will not support his election. The leading peace organ, the *New York Daily News*, asserts that measures are on foot to reassemble the convention and nominate a new ticket. The election of Mr. Lincoln is preferred by the Southern journals to that of General McClellan, whether regarded from the peace or war point of view.

The Democratic State Convention, assembled at Albany, had nominated Governor Seymour and Lieutenant-Governor Jones for re-election in November.

The Tallahassee was expected to leave Wilmington on the 9th ult., and the steamer Edith, reported to be heavily armed, would also leave there shortly.

The steamer Georgia, captured by the Federal steamer Niagara off Lisbon, had arrived at Fortress Monroe in a disabled condition.

FEDERAL RULE IN KENTUCKY.

The New York correspondent of the *Times* gives the following account, derived from a laudatory account of the proceedings of General Paine, of the sort of rule to which the western district of Kentucky is subjected:—

The atrocities committed by the Czar in Poland have not only found hosts of admirers and apologists in America, but the country has produced scores of brigadier and major generals—such as Butler, Schenck, Miry, Burnside, and others—to carry out a policy of vengeance. The Czar never employed more ruthless, unscrupulous, and brutal instruments than these four. Maryland long suffered, Louisiana still groans, under the lash; but the real Poland of America this moment is to be sought in Kentucky, where a man has been placed in military command who combines the worst qualities of all previous tyrants of the kind, and adds new ones peculiarly his own. General Mouravieff has found his equal in Brigadier-General Paine, who rules over the western district of that sorely afflicted State. It is not often that publicity is given to the doings of this ferocious despot. The Kentucky editors dare not record his cruelty, lest they should be tried by court-martial, made to dig their own graves, and shot on the edge of them; and the exiles who fly from persecution are scarcely believed when they arrive at a more peaceful section of the Union if they tell the tale of their wrongs. But a friendly pen has been found to record the services of General Paine, and to hold up to the approval of the Federal Government and the admiration of the world. A correspondent of the *Chicago Tribune*, writing from Paducah under date of the 1st of September, narrates with the utmost simplicity and good faith, and, as if General Paine were the greatest and best man in the world, a story that is enough to concentrate on the head of its hero the detestation of everybody but the hangman. On assuming command in July last he is reported to have addressed a deputation of leading citizens, whom he suspected or knew to be opposed to the war waged by Mr. Lincoln against the South, in the following, among other, terms:—"You disloyal, rebellious people," he said, "you shall not circulate one dollar of capital in all this land. Not a dollar, no debt, or bill of exchange shall be paid or made without my signature. I pledge you my word I will not approve of any commercial transactions made by a disloyal man. . . . All your capital, all your money, every cent of it, shall be placed at the disposal of the Government. I will teach you that, having encouraged this rebellion, you must—ay, and you shall—reap the reward of traitors. . . . Talk to me about your rights! Why, you have no rights to talk about. Loyal men are the only people who have rights at this time. . . . Talk to me of giving you a banking privilege! Great God! The devil might as well ask the Almighty for a front seat in Heaven. . . . In your prosperity you despised this great and good Government. You shall have the privilege to love it in your adversity. And, more than that, you shall fight for it. You are able-bodied men, but think yourselves too good to fight. We shall see about that. . . . You keep harping about your rights—that miserable, insane idea. . . . My second commandment to you is, that all of you notorious rebels get out of your houses and leave my district, so that Union men may come and take your places, and help me to redeem this country. . . . I shall shoot every guerrilla taken in my district; and if your Southern brethren retaliate by shooting a Federal soldier I will walk out five of your rich bankers, brokers, and cotton men, and make you kneel down, and shoot you. I will do it, so help me God! . . . If a Union man is murdered by guerrillas here, the same fate awaits five of you. I have sworn it, and it shall be done. . . . I am going to manage this district so that when I am done with it the men and women who remain can come together in the name of the Lord, and say, 'We belong to the United States.' General Paine, whose speech, which I herewith inclose to you in extenso, might afford many more such furious excerpts, has been as good as his word. In a General Order, No. 6, dated the 23rd of July, he prohibited all persons occupying lands, houses, barns, buildings, &c., from paying any rent to any landlords and owners who were not 'unswerving, unconditional, and undeviating Union persons'; and in General Order No. 7, issued three days afterwards, he prohibited all banks from paying out money, honouring checks, or making transfers, unless by his own special permission and signature. How many men he has caused to be shot the appreiative historian neglects to tell; but how many he has banished from their homes—men, women, and children—may be estimated within a fraction by anyone who will take the last census of the western half of Kentucky, and count the number of bankers, landowners, lawyers, physicians, manufacturers, and merchants, and everybody above the condition of an Irish steamer or day labourer. A deduction of about 25 per cent from that number would leave the balance sought. Kentucky belongs to the military, to the negroes, and a small minority of poor and unimportant white men who are not of importance enough to be persecuted. And such as Kentucky now is the whole South will be if the people who appointed General Paine to command shall be able to carry out their favourite idea of Southern subjugation.

POLITICAL RIOTS IN TURIN.

SERIOUS riots occurred in Turin last week. That city was for several days the scene of riot, confusion, and bloodshed. The disturbances arose from the objection of the Turinese to the transfer of the capital of the kingdom of Italy to Florence—a proposal consequent upon the recent convention with France in reference to the Roman question. A correspondent, writing from Turin on the 23rd ult., thus describes the sad occurrences in that city:—

All the principal squares are occupied by the armed force, summoned in haste from the camp at San Maurizio; most of the shops are closed, the walls are covered with proclamations of all kinds, and the hospitals are full of the victims of the deplorable events of last night and of the night before. In my preceding letter I mentioned the existence of a certain agitation on the subject of the transfer of the capital from Turin to Florence, one of the stipulations of the treaty recently concluded between the Italian and French Governments. The agitation soon took a more definite form, and, having been duly fed by the usual revolutionary agencies, has since increased in its proportions, and is now become a fact of deplorable magnitude. On Tuesday night, Sept. 20, was made the first attempt at a demonstration against the Ministry, and though the general aspect of the affair was ridiculous enough, those who have had experience of the peculiar tenacity of the Piedmontese character predicted that the apparently-insignificant movement would speedily be followed by serious results. A crowd of boys, accompanied by a few idlers, who watched their proceedings with the amused indifference of people who have nothing else to do for the moment, paraded the streets with a ragged banner or two, and plied their whistles with great animation under the windows of the public offices, taking each in turn, and crying confusion on the Ministry, on the treaty, and on everything else which came into their heads. As they did no harm, they were allowed to proceed undisturbed, and so the matter ended for the time. On the following day matters changed, and the altered aspect of the city suggested an instinctive apprehension that something more serious was at hand. Crowds were gathered in all the avenues leading to the Townhall, where it was known that the civic authorities were in consultation upon the announcement which had given such umbrage to the public mind. Knots of men and women were collected at the corners of the streets, where an active trade was being carried on by the newspaper sellers. A shoal of pamphlets had appeared upon the subject of the projected transfer, and these were being hawked about in every direction. The shops were closed, except in the outskirts of the city, about two o'clock, and, having taken the precaution, the owners quietly strolled forth to see what was going on. The Turinese are by temperament the reverse of timid, the traditions of the city were of a pre-eminently peaceful character, and everybody was on the move, men, women, and children, with total disregard of consequences. In due time the boys of the preceding night reappeared with their flags and their whistles; but it was observed that their numbers were on this occasion swelled by a crowd of sinister figures, strangers who, as it was afterwards ascertained, had come into the city by the early trains from Milan, Genoa, Bologna, and elsewhere. This body made straight for the printing-office of the *Gazzetta di Torino*, now become odious to the people on account of its advocacy of the treaty with France. Copies of the obnoxious journal had been publicly burned on the preceding evening, but now it was evident that more aggressive measures were in contemplation.

An attack directed against the office was followed by a charge from the Guards of Public Security—a highly unpopular body of police-constables. This was, according to some, the *sons et origo malorum*. It naturally contributed to exasperate the multitude, but the cause of the tumult are complex in character, and the results were perhaps only intensified by the excesses of the guards, who made free use of their sabres, and inflicted some severe wounds upon the unarmed throng, besides making several arrests.

In the evening of the same day (Wednesday, the 21st) the office of the *Gazzetta* was once more assailed with stones, the doors were forced, and the printing presses partially destroyed, while another crowd vented its fury upon the police office, wrenched the armorial ensigns from the doors, and demanded restitution of the prisoners. Stones and brickbats were discharged in a continual shower towards the two buildings in question. The square was cleared at last, not without much trouble, and the mob then transferred its operations to the Piazza Castello, which was under the guard of a second body of carabiniers. Here a collision took place, arising, it is said, in an attempt to surround the defenders of the Home Ministry. A volley of musketry was discharged, the firing having been begun, it is said, by an individual in the crowd. The Piazza was cleared, and a number of corpses, and many persons more or less severely wounded, remained stretched upon the ground, independently of about twenty carabiniers who suffered much from the stones hurled at them at the commencement of the fray. The corpses of the fallen citizens, many of them of course mere lookers-on, were conveyed in procession to the Townhall, amid fearful cries of vengeance. This was a terrible scene, but nothing to what took place on the following day.

On Thursday, the 22nd, the troops, consisting of infantry and of riflemen, with a reserve of cavalry and artillery, had taken possession of the most important points of the city, and many flattered themselves that all would pass off smoothly. In the Piazza di S. Carlo the porticos around the square were occupied by troops of the line in full campaign trim, for they had arrived during the night from St. Maurizio. The carabiniers were drawn up before the police office, and groups of ladies and gentlemen, of children of all ages, and of people of every condition, were strolling about at their ease, evidently expecting that this imposing military force would render all disturbance impossible.

Among these "curious impertinents"—who, it must be observed, had received due warning to keep out of the way—was your correspondent, who suspected no harm, and had been gradually induced by the tranquil appearance of things to advance further add further into the lion's mouth. Around the pedestal of Baron Marochetti's magnificent equestrian statue, and at various points of the square, were grouped, some sitting, others standing, certain rough-looking individuals, who seemed likely enough to have taken part in the preceding disturbances, but who now seemed tolerably resigned to adverse circumstances. Altogether, the scene was a picturesque and attractive one; and the idlers maintained their ground even after the appearance of a fresh body of soldiers, closely followed by a mob of men and boys crying, "Viva la linea!" This singular procession went on its way to the farther end of the square, the troops formed in a line, and reated on their muskets, the people making a semicircle around them, as it appeared, with the usual cries and discordant whistling. But there seemed to be no ill-humour on either side, and matters remained on this footing for about a quarter of an hour. Suddenly the roll of a drum was heard; the crowd opened, a hurried movement in our direction, followed by a deafening crash, heard loud above the sound of the drums, which had scarcely begun to beat. The soldiers had fired, and a portion of the mob was scampering away—for those who meant business stood their ground.

Now, there would have been time enough for those who stood at the other end of the square to make good their escape from the worst of it (which we immediately prepared to do with the most striking unanimity), when, strange to say, the troops lining the square on each side, who had hitherto remained perfectly inactive, and even chatting with the bystanders, levelled their pieces at us and fired in cross directions! The bullets flew around like hail, and an "undignified skedaddle" became the order of the day. A precipitate flight towards the left, with the bullets whistling in our rear and doing execution to the right and left, and (worse than all) before us falling bodies, yells of agony, and the rapid scuffle of our pursuers as they hurried on, discharging their pieces continually (and killing each other, as we afterwards learned), form the history of two awful minutes, terminating in a dive down a by-street and into an open door, through which were then hurriedly conveyed two dying persons, a man and a woman, both of whom shortly afterwards expired. The firing in the streets and the heartrending screams of the victims continued for about a quarter of an hour. The other casualties in our company of about twelve persons consisted of a wounded thigh, a slightly scratched head, and a spent bullet found lodged in a young lady's crinoline. When the smoke had cleared away, the square and the neighbouring streets were found to be plentifully strewn with victims writhing in pools of blood. The dead on the side of the people are estimated at fifty or upwards, and the wounded at a hundred. Some twenty-seven soldiers fell, and among them the Colonel of the regiment, mortally wounded in the head by a bullet discharged by his own men.

Now, this awful tragedy was the result of a mistake. An attempt, it appears, was made to get too close to the soldiery, and a revolver was at the same moment discharged point-blank in the face of one of the carabiniers. Hence the indiscriminate firing, in which many of the soldiers lining the square were struck to the ground. Hence a general panic, and as the shots were supposed to have proceeded from the inoffensive bystanders, the double discharge upon them, which, of course, aggravated the matter—for, as the soldiers fired in opposite directions and quite at random, they killed or maimed many of their own comrades.

A letter has been published from the Captain commanding the carabiniers in the Castello-square on the night of the 21st ult., which states that the troops were not ordered to fire upon the people, but that the discharge took place by accident.

The city was tranquil on the night of the 23rd, no further disturbance having taken place. The King was at his country seat, and, it is said, was kept in ignorance of the state of affairs by the Ministry. Admiral Persano, however, it is reported, informed his Majesty of what was going on, and an order was given for the Ministers to resign. This was done on the 23rd, and General Della Marmora was commissioned to form a new Cabinet. The General, however, has found the task a difficult one, and but little progress had been made up to Wednesday. The following, however, has been published as a probable list of the new Cabinet:—President of the Council and Minister for Foreign Affairs, General Della Marmora; Minister of the Interior, Signor Lanza; Minister of Finance, Signor Sella; Minister for War, Signor Pettiti; Minister of Public Instruction, Signor Mateucci; Minister of Public Works, Signor Morandini; Minister of Justice, Signor Conforti; Minister of Marine, Signor Longo; Minister of Agriculture, Signor Natachi. Baron Ricasoli, who has had a long interview with General Della Marmora, has also been mentioned as likely to take office. It is believed that General Della Marmora and his colleagues will maintain the convention with France. At the last accounts order was restored and the city was quiet.

The meeting of Parliament has been postponed from the 5th to the 24th inst. In the provinces the convention with France is generally approved, but the Turinese are still opposed to the removal of the capital to any other city save Rome.

POLAND.

The National Polish Government has recently addressed the following proclamation to the nation:—

After nineteen months of desperate struggle against all the power of Russia, assisted by her accomplices in the murder of Poland and encouraged by the indifference of the West, our insurrection is weakened and our ranks are thinned.

Over the tombs of 50,000 heroes slain in battle, along roads furrowed by the wheels of the kibitkas which have borne 100,000 of our martyrs to Siberian snows. Above the ruins of thousands of burnt towns and villages the invader intones a hymn of triumph and redoubles his barbarian rage. He intones a perfidious and a lying hymn, the chorus of which is applauded by the accomplices of Russia, conspiring for our fall, who all repeat, "The struggle is ended, and Poland is no more!"

In this terrible and supreme moment we, the National Government, strong in our faith in the power, the rights, and the future of the nation—full of confidence in its devotion, felt it our duty to raise our voices to you, the Polish people, to refuse and confound those who desire to make you again descend into the tomb; to unveil to you, without shrinking, your most hideous scars; to bring you face to face with the faults that have been committed; to show you the still untouched elements of your strength; to mark out for you the road along which the National Government—the faithful guardian of your imprescriptible rights—has resolved to guide you, and at the end of which are independence, liberty, equality, and fraternity.

In taking up arms upon the 22nd of January, 1863, Poland neither reckoned upon foreign assistance nor upon diplomatic measures which should not be supported by any effective force.

The nation knew that its right and its duty was to be independent. It felt that there is no power in the world capable of riveting 40,000,000 arms in eternal chains. The nation had faith in its own strength, and it arose.

The first act of the national authorities was to restore to the people its own property; and by that act the Government at once showed the source whence the insurrection ought, above all, to derive its strength and its resources. But before the insurrection, unprovided with arms, had succeeded in developing itself—before it was able to bring into action the masses which burnt to enter the lists—those who had first given the signal for the contest were no longer in existence to direct it.

For the spirit of devotion and the burning faith of these heroes and their successors substituted wretched expedients to make head against the enemy and direct the insurrection. They doubted the power of a nation of twenty millions of men; they doubted the patriotism of the Polish people!

The insurrection was changed into an armed demonstration; the nation was asked to expend its property and to shed blood, with the sole object of bringing about and obtaining foreign intervention by force of pity.

Then began that singular direction, for which it would be difficult to find any other explanation. Every hope and every plan were based upon the intervention of the West, upon the fantastic alliance of the most perfidious of our neighbours, who by bringing forward the six points was to negotiate with the Czar, not the liberty of the country, but a partial and monstrous autonomy, in which it would have been equally impossible for the nation to live and to die.

Within the country the conflict degenerated into a struggle, deprived of plan and aim, prolonged from day to day, abandoned to individual efforts, without the intention or desire of transforming it into a great and powerful national war, as if it had been desired to convict the nation of impotence, because its real force was not believed in.

The act of the 22nd of January soon became nothing more than a vague and illusory hope, either because it was not known how, or because it was not desired, to call to arms all the people of Pinsk, following the traditions of our ancestors. Now, the Muscovites are transporting this same people by thousands to Siberia. Either our leaders did not know, or they did not dare to ask of the people, the sacrifices required for a great national war which should decide upon its life or death; and now the Muscovite is ruining it and wresting from it millions. They did not believe in the people; they distrusted the people. The fault was terrible! And yet the people have rejected the treacherous favours of the Czar, and wait only for direction and command.

Men with sinister voices would like to persuade the nation that it is crushed and annihilated. Let them look at the gibbets upon which the corpses of fresh martyrs to liberty are suspended daily. Let them look at tombs, whose numbers every day increase, which testify to the self-styled secure domination of the oppressor; then let them say the struggle is at an end.

People of Poland! the struggle cannot cease. To ask pardon of the Czar would be infamy and baseness—of which you are not capable.

The struggle must continue, because the Czar has sworn to exterminate our nationality, our religion, and our language. The more our arms are humbled, the more the Muscovite redoubles his rage. No war could cost us as many victims as the interruption of the conflict. The Czar does not make war; it is the annihilation of our indomitable nation he pursues in his insensate fury.

Death upon the field of battle and liberty—were it only for our children—or death upon the gibbet, a slow agony in the Siberian snows, and misery in exile; this is the choice which remains.

We have suffered great losses, endured great sorrows; but the work of redemption can only be accomplished by great sacrifices. On the other hand, we have grown in heart and in soul; we have acquired experience; we know henceforth whence arises impotence, whence strength. The groans of our sisters and mothers, beaten by our executioners; the tears of our brothers, dragged indiscriminately into eternal exile; the creaking of the gibbets, which bend under the weight of the corpses of the noblest sons of Poland, resound in the ears and in the heart of the nation like the trumpet calling to battle, desperate battle, battle for life and death.

He who wishes repose and remains deaf to the call is infamous as a traitor. But you, O Polish people! you hear and you will rise; you must rise for the final combat; and the day in which the Polish nation rises in its might victory will be secure.

In this difficult situation the National Government only sees a period of transition: the second portion of the war is about to commence—the popular war. To fulfil its mission it will display all its resources; it will recoil before nothing, will neglect nothing; and this is, consequently, its administrative duty. It will not hesitate nor slacken in this course; and woe to those who shall dare to oppose it.

In applying all its efforts to the accomplishment of its task the Government only reckons upon the forces of the nation; but it will accept the fraternal support and the sympathies of the peoples.

The holy alliance of despots and civilisation, the old rule of brute force, and the eternal right of humanity are now face to face. Polish people, you who were formerly the foremost in the breach for the defence of Christianity, are now once more the first to avenge the rights of humanity and of liberty, outrageously violated in you. Your mission comes from God; your salvation is in your own hands. Polish people—people great through the brotherly love by which you are inspired, you must not now chastise the faults of the past, but found and secure the future.

God will not abandon you because you are called upon to be the ramparts of liberty against the barbarism of the North. It is across your ruins, your fragments, Russia desires to march to the conquest of Europe. But you will not perish; persevere, therefore, and be of good heart!

CAPTURE OF NANKIN BY THE IMPERIALISTS.

The city of Nankin, the capital and stronghold of the Taiping rebels in China, fell into the hands of the Imperialists, after several days' fighting, on the 19th of July, together with the principal rebel leaders. The Tien-Wang, the rebel Emperor, avoided the pain of witnessing this final disaster by poisoning himself two days previously. When the besiegers commenced their attack the Chung-Wang, the rebel General, escaped, with the Tien-Wang's young son and several others, but was retaken, having given up his pony to the young Prince; the Kan-Wang, who has frequently been mentioned by visitors to Nankin as the "Shield King," is also a prisoner. Whether it be that recent information by spies of the miserable state of the garrison induced the Imperialist leaders to shake off the apathy in the hope of an easy conquest, or whether Gordon's instructions during his recent visit showed them that their task was easier than they anticipated, they shortly after his visit began to show signs of unwonted vigour. A breach of 120 ft. in width was made in the outer wall by the explosion of a mine near the east gate containing above 60,000 lb. of powder, and by the 19th the whole city was in their hands. The news reached Pekin on the 24th, having been forwarded by couriers at the rate of more than one hundred miles a day. Few details have been received of the closing scenes of the siege, so we are only able to give a brief outline of the occurrences. Nankin was defended by three walls—an outer wall; a second, surrounding the Tartar city; and a third which had been constructed round the Tien-Wang's palace. The Tartar city was not garrisoned by the rebels, so the assailants had only two lines of defence to attack. An assault was made on the outer wall at dawn on the 18th, and before noon it had been carried at every part, and the garrison had fallen back within the inner line of fortifications. The steamer Confucius, which is under charter to the Shantung guild of merchants at Shanghai, chanced to be lying off Nankin at the time, and rendered efficient service by engaging two strong batteries that the rebels had erected facing the river, and which had hitherto defied the distant efforts of the Imperialist gun-boats. The Confucius, which is commanded by an American, had been sent up by the Chinese authorities to convey treasure to the Imperialist troops, and Captain Rouse deemed he would be rendering them agreeable service by availing himself of the opportunity which offered to lend them the aid of other metal which he carried as well. Her 18-pounders soon made the batteries untenable for the rebels, who abandoned them after half an hour's sharp engagement, during which the Confucius lost two men killed and had a third wounded, and the Imperialist gun-boats came up and took possession. The troops, on their part, lost little time in following up their first success; the second line of defence was attacked and carried before daylight on the following morning, and by the evening of the 19th all Nankin was in their hands. The fortifications which had been erected round the Tien-Wang's palace are said to have been defended with desperation; but the garrison was too weak to resist the large forces that the Imperialists were able to bring against them, and the latter soon effected an entrance by battering down one of the gates. The first sight which met the victors, on entering the palace, was the corpse of the Tien-Wang, lying evidently in the position in which he had died, and the bodies of a number of his wives hanging from the trees in the garden. The Kan-Wang was here arrested, and, with the Chung-Wang, now lies a prisoner in the house of the Imperialist commander, awaiting sentence from Pekin. Chung-Wang estimates the strength of the rebel garrison at from 18,000 to 20,000 men, and does not attempt to disguise the straits to which they were reduced. He is said to be intent on writing his life. There can be little doubt that he will be condemned to death, as his name would attract thousands of the disaffected from every part of the empire if he chose again to raise the standard of rebellion. Of the garrison part escaped, and part were made prisoners. It does not seem that any excesses were committed by the Imperialist soldiers, as has been the case on other occasions. The city is miserably dilapidated, and the streets were full of the bodies of persons who had evidently died of starvation. No loot of value was found, except the Tien-Wang's seal, which was of solid gold, and weighed 30 lb.

Nankin will now be opened to foreign trade. It was not named in our treaty, but the sixth article of the French treaty stipulated that French subjects should be allowed to establish themselves there directly it was recovered from the rebels; and under the "most-favoured-nation" clause in the treaties with England and America, subjects of those countries will enjoy the same privilege. The privilege, however, will certainly for a long time be a barren one, and even in the end is not likely to be worth much. The city is a heap of ruins, with the exception of the small corner occupied by the rebels; even the palace of the Tien-Wang has been burnt, and years will elapse before it can approach nearly to its former size. The country immediately surrounding it is desert, and what trade there is in produce with the neighbouring districts flows to Chinkeang, the situation of which, at the junction of the Grand Canal with the Yangtze, gives it great advantages over its formerly important neighbour. Soochow is the centre of the richest province in China, and was therefore certain to recover more or less quickly from the state of desolation in which the rebels had left it. But Nankin possesses no such advantages, and although numbers of its former inhabitants will, no doubt, gradually flock back, and houses will again arise from their ruins, it is very unlikely ever to attain either its former size, importance, or consideration. Even before the advent of the rebels its prestige as the ancient capital of China alone gave it the pas of its far wealthier neighbour, Soochow, and now it seems likely that the latter will permanently eclipse it. The present circumference of its walls is only eighteen miles, instead of the thirty-five miles which it measured when Nankin was the capital of China; and at the time of its capture by the Taipings only two thirds even of the lesser area was estimated to be occupied by houses. Still, however, amid all its decadence, it is a vast city, and of sufficient importance to fully justify the great weight attached by the Imperialists to its recapture.

DEATH OF WALTER SAVAGE LANDOR.

THE friend of Southey, the enemy of Byron, Walter Savage Landor—poet, scholar, epigrammatist, and politician—died at Florence on the 17th ult., in his ninetieth year. His best poems had been written in Italy when he was a gentleman of leisure, a man of fortune—honoured by all who knew him. The last productions of a genius which was at one time great were publications scurrilous and discreditable. When one remembers the brilliant successes achieved by Walter Savage Landor in the field of literature it is melancholy to think of so illustrious a life being closed in a shameful obscurity.

Walter Savage Landor came of an old Warwickshire family. He was born at Ipsley Court, in that county, on the 30th of January, 1775. He was educated at Rugby and Trinity College, Oxford; but, having been "rusticated" for firing a gun in Trinity quadrangle, he did not think it worth his while to return to the University for the purpose of taking a degree. He was rather changeable in his notions of a profession. The army he was supposed to join, and he declined. The law next offered him its attractions, and he renounced them. He determined to devote himself to literature.

In 1802 he visited Paris, and about the time of his visit Napoleon was made Consul for life. On his return he spent £7000 in improving his Monmouthshire property (Llanthony Abbey); but in 1806 one of his tenants absconded, and in disgust he parted with the property, which had been in his family for 700 years.

In 1808 Mr. Landor took part in the Spanish insurrection against Napoleon, and he was the first Englishman who went to the assistance of the Spanish patriots. He raised a body of troops at his own expense, conducted them from Corunna to Aguilar (the head-quarters of General Blake, Viceroy of Galicia), presented 20,000 reals to the cause, and was appointed Colonel in the Spanish army for his liberality. He resigned his commission on the restoration of King Ferdinand and the subversion of the constitution framed by the Spaniards during their struggle for independence. He declared that, "although he was willing to aid the Spanish people in the assertion of their liberties against the antagonist of Europe, he would have nothing to do with a perjured and a traitor."

Mr. Landor's reputation was made by "Gebir," which he published at the age of three-and-twenty. Southey, as is well known, thought most highly of it, and spoke as he thought. In 1815 Mr. Landor (who had, in 1811, married Mdile, Julia Thullier de Malaperte, a daughter of the Baron de Nieuveville, a descendant and representative of the noblemen of that name who had been first gentleman of the bedchamber to Charles VIII.) resided in Italy, occupying first the Medici Palace at Florence, and secondly, a villa and gardens which he had purchased of Count Gheraraldo, at Fiesole. At Pisa, in 1820, Mr. Landor produced his "Idylla Heroica," with an appendix in Latin prose on the reasons why the modern Latin poets were not generally read by scholars. From 1824 to 1829 he delighted English society with his "Imaginary Conversations"—classical, scholarly, and tasteful papers. In 1831 appeared "Count Julian and other Poems."

Ralph Waldo Emerson, who visited Landor about this time, has given a characteristic description of him. "I had inferred," he says, "from his books, or magnified from some anecdotes, an impression of Achillean wrath, an untameable petulance. I do not know whether the imputation was just or not, but certainly on this day his courtesy veiled that haughty mind, and he was the most patient and gentle of hosts. He carries into its height the love of freak, which the English delight to indulge in, as if to signalise their commanding freedom. He has a wonderful brain, despotic, violent, inexhaustible, meant for a soldier—by what chance converted to letters, in which there is not a style or a tint unknown to him." Southey says of Landor:—"That I have obtained his approbation as poet, and preserved his friendship as a man, will be remembered among the honours of my life when the petty enmities are forgotten, and ephemeral reputations have passed away." Landor's English has been strangely undervalued, sometimes savagely attacked in reviews; but year after year scholars must go to Landor for a multitude of elegant sentences, for wisdom, wit, and indignation unforgettable."

In 1836 Mr. Landor published "Pericles and Aspasia," "Satire on Satirists and Admonition to Detractors," and "Letters of a Conservative," in which are shown the only means of saving what are left of the English Church." In 1837 appeared "Pentameron and Pentagonalia"; in 1839, "Andrea of Hungary and Giovanna of Naples"; in 1848, "Hellenes"; in 1851, "Popery, British and Foreign"; in 1853, "Last Fruit from an Old Tree."

Walter Savage Landor was a man of high genius, but an irritable, cankerous, impetuous person—"genus irritable vatum." Tom Moore, in 1838, wrote of him, "Savage Landor is a very different man from what I expected to find. He has all the air and laugh of a hearty country gentleman—a *gros rejoui*—and, whereas his writings had given me rather a disrelish to the man, I shall take more readily now to his writings from having seen the man." Landor was one of the most eminent scholars in Europe; even at Rugby he was too clever to remain in the school as a boy; his scholarship was of the highest class; and even to his later years his "fine Roman hand" could be discovered in Latin epigrams and poems innumerable in a well-known weekly paper.

Whatever cloud has overshadowed his declining years, the name of Walter Savage Landor will always be remembered with respect and regard by all Englishmen who admire genius though they may regret its perversion.

THE SOCIAL SCIENCE ASSOCIATION.—The association held its first meeting for the season on Thursday week at York. The opening address of Lord Brougham was, as usual, a voluminous survey of the present position of the numerous subjects of inquiry which are grouped together under the comprehensive title of social science. Politics appears to be one of these, and the noble Lord denounced Russia for her treatment of Poland, and Prussia for her successful but inglorious aggression upon Denmark. He lamented the fact that "there appears to be a determination in the two great Powers of Germany to resist all constitutional improvements as tending to revolution," and that "in the smaller principalities the love of foreign war has superseded all internal reform." He deplored the presence of French troops in Rome, and described the States of North America as "a scene of misery and of crime more horrid than any case known in modern—let us say Christian—times; and with this sad peculiarity, that the whole people, instead of merely permitting, as in other cases, the crimes of their rulers, are themselves the active and willing agents in the work of merciless slaughter—such as wholesale bloodshed as never before disgraced the name of man. It had been reserved for the later act of the tragedy to see the North, when destitute of other troops, drive herds of the unhappy negroes to slaughter, with no more remorse than sportsmen feel in clearing a preserve." Towards the close of his address he referred, in somewhat obscure language, to the "unbelief which is one of the great misfortunes of the day"—following up this part of his discourse by an expression of commiseration for "the propagation of spiritual visitations." On Friday an interesting discussion occurred in the section of Jurisprudence, on the laws of real property. An elaborate introductory address, on Law Amendment, by Sir James Wilde, the president of the section, was delivered to a general meeting of the association. The learned Judge did not despair of a reduction of our laws and precedents to something like order, if we aimed first at a digest, rather than a codification, the former admitting of gradual progress. He urged that the public opinion of this day would hardly be so acquiescent as former generations in the continuance of imperfections and confusion. A vast variety of other topics have since been treated of, and the meeting is regarded as highly satisfactory one.

GENERAL TODLEBEN.

THE few names which will be more distinctly remembered in connection with the last great European war than that of General Todleben, for, in fact, he was so intimately associated with the great stronghold the taking of which may be said to have terminated the conflict, that his name may almost be said to be synonymous with that of Sebastopol. Born at Mitau, in Courland, in 1818, Francis Edward Todleben entered the army at an early age, and ultimately rose to the rank of General of Engineers and Aide-de-Camp to the Emperor. These distinctions, however, were but the well-won rewards of his services in the Crimea, where he was selected to direct the works and fortifications on the southern side of Sebastopol, and to defend the stronghold against the attacks of the allies. In this arduous undertaking Todleben exhibited the highest talents as a military engineer. Earthworks and enormous ramparts grew under his direction at every point liable to attack, and for a long period the issue of the conflict was rendered uncertain by the strength and completeness of his fortifications. His labours in that tremendous siege were successful, at least, in sheltering the beaten army of Russia and covering her stricken fleet; and though he had gone to the Crimea as only a Second Captain of Engineers, he left it, after the last days of the siege, wounded, and with the rank of General. Any account of the great war coming from such an authority, then, would necessarily command the utmost attention; and there can be little wonder that the voluminous work just published under the name of the General has already excited considerable comment and been subject to indignant contradiction. Whatever may be its defects, however—and there can be no doubt that it entirely misrepresents many of the principal facts of the war and imperfectly states the causes that led to it—the book may be taken as a valuable contribution to the history of the greatest struggle of modern times, and as affording very complete information on matters relating to the Russian forces and the military organisation against which the allied armies had to contend. "Défense de

Sébastopol. Ouvrage rédigé sous la direction de Lieutenant-

Général E. de Todleben, Aide-de-Camp Général de S. M. l'Em-

pereur," is the title of a work the necessary documents for the

compilation of which were collected by the General in his capacity of chief engineer s on after the evacuation of the south side of the fortress. He was, in fact, instructed by L'utenant-Colonel

judgment which intrusted to him the papers of Lord Raglan, and so lent a seeming authority to his statements. Before Mr. Kinglake's work is completed, however—for his history still pauses on the banks



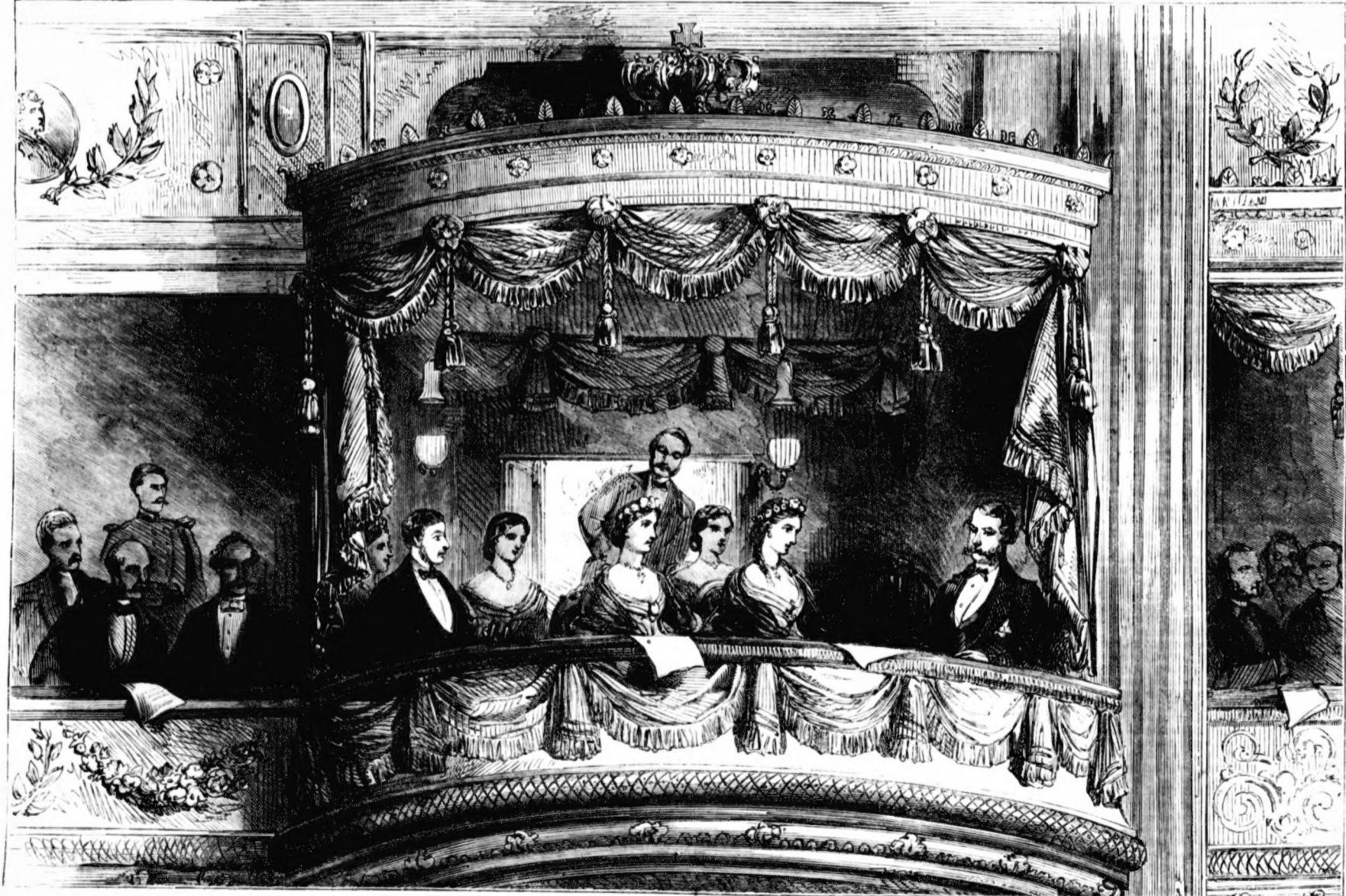
GENERAL TODLEBEN, ENGINEER-IN-CHIEF OF THE FORTIFICATIONS OF SEBASTOPOL.

Khlebinow to edit the journal of the defence, which was finished in 1856. His wound, as he modestly says, "ma santé affaiblie," compelled him to go abroad for two years, and he carried on the description of the defence, with the aid of several officers, till the intervention of the Grand Duke Nicholas enabled him to execute the project he had formed of enlarging the original scope of the work, and making it, instead of a mere engineer's report, a history of the war in the Crimea. The special works published in France and England related mainly to the attack, and the statements which they contained concerning the defence were for the most part erroneous. He found the French and English plans not only opposed to each other but full of discrepancies in themselves, and he therefore caused a new survey to be made of the ground by horizontal sections, which he verified in order to correct the errors in those plans and in the drawings of the Russian engineers. At last, in 1861, he began in earnest. "To raise a literary monument to be worthy of the immortal defence, I could not give to my work," he says in his dedication to the Emperor, "more solid foundations than truth and impartiality."

To discover the real meaning of truth and impartiality, however, would be difficult if there were no other means of arriving at either than by a comparison of the three accounts which have been issued by the representatives of the three nationalities principally concerned. No sooner had the newspaper correspondents concluded their accounts of the progress and termination of the war—that of the *Times*' correspondent being justly accepted as worthy of forming a narrative volume containing a true account of the proceedings in the Allied camps—than M. de Bazancourt, who was specially commissioned by the Emperor to write an authoritative record of the expedition to the Crimea, publishes an account in which the English are represented as being strangely dependent upon their allies. M. de Bazancourt is followed by Mr. Kinglake, who, with glittering shafts of invective, has so much to say on the other side that half his readers

pause between admiration of his

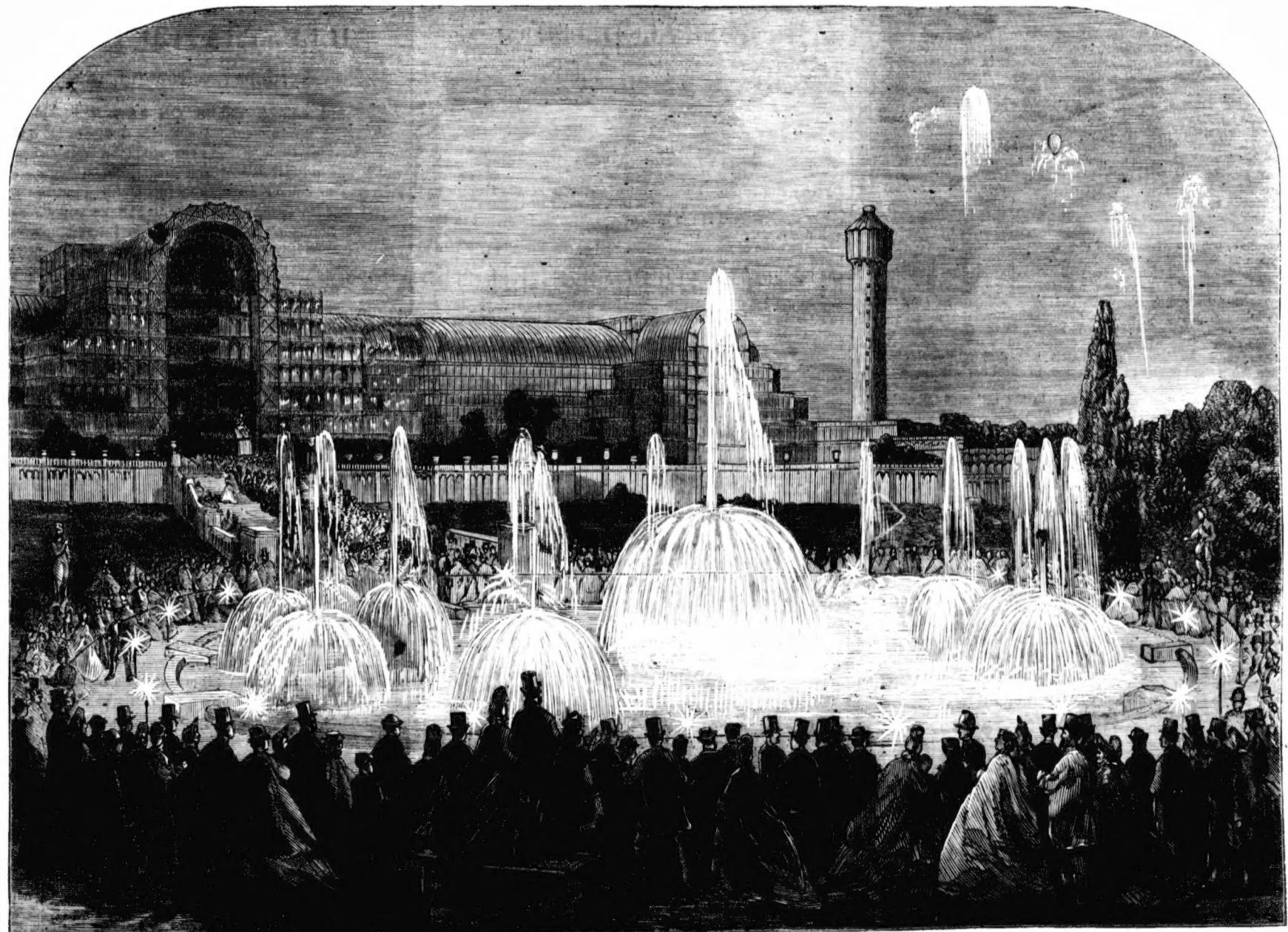
style of attack and doubt of the



VISIT OF THE PRINCE AND PRINCESS OF WALES TO THE ROYAL OPERA AT COPENHAGEN.



THE FIRE AT HABERDASHERS' HALL: RUINS OF THE BANQUETING-ROOM.



THE ILLUMINATION OF THE FOUNTAINS AT THE CRYSTAL PALACE.

of the Alma—we have the Russian version of the great siege by an author who, while he may boast of equal authority with his rivals, possesses besides the advantage of having been in the most important command, and of having occupied a position which afforded him the means of absolute accuracy as far as concerns the particulars of the military movements on his own side. Assuredly those readers who have accepted the generally-received versions of the events which led to the Russian War and the account of the operations from the battles of Akhaltsikh and Sinope to the taking of Sebastopol, will have to alter their opinions, and to believe that the true history of the war has not yet been written.

According to the Russian historian, England made the question of the Holy Places a pretext for the war she so much desired, in consequence of the increasing influence of Russia in the East. War was declared on the 27th of April; but the allied fleets bombarded Odessa on the 22nd of the same month, in consequence of an ordinary occurrence in war time being regarded as an insult to their flag. The Russians would inevitably have taken Silistria but that their Generals were compelled to modify their dispositions in consequence of diplomatic negotiations with Austria, which became so unpromising that the siege was raised and the troops recrossed the Danube. In fact, Russia was forced into war by trickery, and prevented from carrying it on properly by false friends and doubtful allies. So far from entertaining the ambitious designs attributed to her, no preparations had been made on her frontiers for attack or defence, when suddenly she was exposed to the force of the greater part of Europe.

The account which General Todleben gives of the fortification and gradually accumulated defences in the Crimea is full of interest, although many of the details belong to the dry statistics of military engineering. He declares, however, that no invasion was expected, and that the place was prepared rather for attack than for defence, and was wretchedly deficient in the material which was necessary for the latter purpose.

Menschikoff decided upon taking up a defensive position on the Alma, because it was near enough to cover the city and to move his forces to meet any alterations in the plans of the allies against the place, and at once took measures to concentrate his troops upon the right bank, where he hoped to offer such a resistance as would give time to the Russians to reinforce him from Perekop, Kertch, and Theodosia.

It would be impossible to follow this work, even as far as it has been translated, in its broader narrative; but the account which it contains of the battles of the Alma and Inkerman differ widely from those which have been generally adopted: and, though it to a very great extent readjusts the conflicting statements of M. de Bazancourt and Mr. Kinglake, it necessarily exhibits a large access of credit to the Russian side in their defence of the position. The General declares that the flank movement by which the Allies moved to the south of Sebastopol was an error; and that, had they attacked on the north, they must inevitably have taken the place with perfect ease, since it was almost undefended on that side; and that the fleet and arsenals could have been destroyed from that position. The first part of the first volume concludes with a minute account of the preparation of the works for the bombardment, and the next volume commences with an admission of the terrible execution made by the English artillery, under cover of which, the General thinks, the assault should at once have been attempted. Very interesting indeed, notwithstanding its gross inaccuracies with regard to the Russian attack, is the account of the battles of Balaklava and of Little Inkerman; but in the battle of Inkerman culminates the interest of the book, since it contains details hitherto unknown of the particulars of that tremendous struggle. How the English fought long and obstinately, till they were nearly overwhelmed, and Lord Raglan sent to General Bosquet for the help which he had previously declined; how "the fire of the French batteries made terrible ravages among the Russian columns; but the ardour of our soldiers attained its highest degree of exaltation. Exalted by their success, the regiments of the 11th division pushed back before the French battalions. One effort, and the issue of the combat would have been decided in favour of the Russians; but, unhappily, the fatigue of our soldiers had arrived at its height. It was a decisive moment for the two armies. Having surmounted enormous difficulties, and triumphing over the tenacity of the enemy, the Russians, receiving no reinforcements, were exhausting their energy in a last effort; and the English, exhausted by fatigue, deprived of the greater part of their generals and officers, felt that it was impossible for them to hold out much longer; the French, themselves the last upon the field of battle, awaiting with anxiety the reinforcements which had been announced to them, and without which they could not continue to hold the ground against the Russians. A little after ten o'clock the reinforcements so impatiently awaited by the French at last arrived. In the steps of General Bosquet rushed the Zouaves, the Chasseurs Indépendants and the Chasseurs d'Afrique, followed closely by three battalions and a field battery, commanded by General d'Autemarie. These troops ought to decide the issue of the combat; but the Russians did not yield at the first blow. Halting for a moment, they began again to advance, the Regiments of Jakoutsk and Okhotsk attacked the French, while the Regiment of Selinginsk turned the right wing, but the Zouaves and the Africans were already engaged. Worn out by a struggle so long and so murderous, without strength or ammunition, the Regiment of Selinginsk, attacked by two battalions of fresh troops, was hurled into the ravine, and commenced its retreat. It was then that the fate of the battle was definitely decided, and "nothing more remained for us than to effect our retrograde movement."

Out of 34,833 men who took part in the action, 6 Generals, 256 officers, and 10,467 soldiers were killed, wounded, and contusioned. Timoféïev lost 23 officers and 1071 men. Lord Raglan estimated the forces of the Russians and their loss at a much higher number. The loss of the Allies was 11 Generals, 263 officers, and 4109 rank and file, of which 147 officers and 2465 soldiers were English. The difference in the losses Todleben ascribes to the conditions of attack and to the difference of armament:—"If self-denial, enthusiasm, and courage are enough to ensure victory, assuredly it would have been on the side of the Russians, although it is only just to recognise the fact that in valour and in tenacity they encountered worthy rivals in the English. But for war these conditions alone do not suffice. There must be others not less necessary, and the Russians did not possess them." 1st, the ground prevented the Russians acting in masses together, which was the sole mode of guaranteeing success; 2nd, the superiority of armament on the side of the English prevented any approach to a charge, and caused enormous losses at a distance; 3rd, the English infantry was helped always at the proper time by its artillery, and that the Russians were not.

Doubtless, the future volumes of General Todleben's work will contain statements still more at variance with those of English and French historians; but they will likewise afford information which will be of interest to those who desire to know what were the means of defence adopted by the Russian forces. The General, in a very early part of his first volume, declares that the Imperial army had to struggle against the disadvantage of defending a large circuit; that all the ports of the Baltic were more or less exposed, and a descent might be effected along the coast of Estonia. Riga itself was not safe. It was necessary to concentrate troops for the defence of the principal points along these shores, and at the same time to cover the frontier, which extends for 1200 miles between the Baltic and the Black Sea. The fortified line of the Vistula was, indeed, favourable to defence; but the conduct of Austria made it necessary to collect a large army in Poland; and on the south there was only the fortress of Kiev capable of resisting an aggression from Galicia or the Principalities, as Khilia and Kotine were not then of the least importance. Sebastopol, indeed, was well defended towards the sea, but was almost entirely open on the land side, and Ochakov and Kinburn were quite inadequate to protect the Liman of the Dneiper or Nicolaev. The entrance to the Sea of

Azov was quite open; in fact, from Finland to the Caucasus there was not a spot safe from the enemy.

The truth of these statements finds some confirmation in the fact that Taganrog, occupying a high position on a tongue of land projecting into the Sea of Azov, was strongly fortified and defended with a citadel, and that it was ultimately destroyed by a bombardment of the allied gun-boats from the 3rd to the 5th of June, 1855. In this place, which is the second town and commercial port in Southern Russia, the houses were almost all built of wood, though it contained numerous churches, schools, hospitals, and other public buildings. Nothing but gun-boats could so quickly have effected its destruction, since the water there is so shallow that large vessels are compelled to lie at seven miles distance. Of this and other later operations of the war we may hear more when the French translation of General Todleben's work is completed; meanwhile, we may indorse the opinion of General De Lacy Evans, who, in a recent communication to the *Times* respecting Todleben's statements, says:—"It must, however, be acknowledged that consideration in regard to the Crimean War should, perhaps, be extended to the Czar's Government. That Government is the most exclusively military, and I may add aggressive, in Europe. The conditions of the treaty of peace prove beyond all question that the Czar's policy, his prestige, his armies, his fleets, suffered profound disasters. The large fleet of line-of-battle ships of the Black Sea was totally destroyed. Three great battles were fought—the Alma, Inkerman, and the Tchernaya, in every one of which the Russians were completely defeated. We think, then, we are fairly justified in pointing to these particulars as a counterpoise to the extravagant glorifications put forth in these bulky volumes by the collaborateurs in eulogy of the 'immortal' achievements of their armies."

THE PRINCE AND PRINCESS OF WALES IN DENMARK.

DURING last week the Prince and Princess of Wales visited all the objects of interest in Copenhagen, among which may be mentioned the Museum of Northern Antiquities, the Ethnological Museum, the Thorwaldsen Museum, &c. There was also a grand hunt in the deer-park attached to Bernstorff Castle, on which occasion the Prince of Wales was very successful in his shooting; and a dinner to the staff officers of the Burgher Guard Volunteers, &c. The most interesting incident of the visit to Copenhagen occurred on the evening of Tuesday, the 27th ult., when the Royal party attended a grand representation at the Opera House.

From a late hour on the Monday, all Monday night, and at break of day on Tuesday, the crowd of persons anxious to obtain tickets for the performance at the Opera was growing in numbers, until at last the queue fairly stretched across the spacious Kongens Nytorv. Even there the number of the disappointed was very great, for many of those who had purchased tickets did so only with a view of retarding them again, and the consequence was, as the day advanced, that for tickets which at the bureau had cost ten marks, or about 4s. English, £1 and upwards was paid in the course of the afternoon. The performances commenced at seven o'clock with a short comedy called "Intrigues," and shortly after that hour the house was filled in every part—so closely, indeed, that one had occasion to wish more than once during the evening that the architect, in the views binding him with regard to ventilation, had been less fixed in the idea that he was building for a cold climate. The house is calculated for the accommodation of 1200 people, and on this occasion its capacity was tested to the utmost. The seats, however, once they have been reached, are sufficiently roomy and comfortable. In point of decoration there is not much to be said. The interior wears a neat, cheerful appearance, without much attempt at display; and, with regard to lighting, there is a curious arrangement by which the great chandelier is drawn up into the roof during the time that it is desirable to concentrate light upon the stage, and let down again between the acts. The Royal party had not been looked for till the commencement of the ballet; but before the first piece—lasting somewhat over half an hour—had been half played through they were observed to enter and take their seats in the Royal box, at the left-hand side of the house. The visit was understood, and indeed stated, to be a private one; consequently no demonstration of any kind was made upon their entrance. The King sat next the stage, with the Princess of Wales beside him; the "Queen, in like manner, had the Prince of Wales at her right hand; he, therefore, sat nearest to the body of the house, in a position from which he could be generally seen. The Crown Prince of Denmark and Princess Dagmar occupied seats in the same box, a little from the back. In the corresponding box at the other side of the house were the Landgrave of Hesse and Prince Hesse of Glücksburg, with the principal ladies in attendance upon the Royal party—namely, Countess Rentenow, Countess Spencer, Madame Bille, and Countess De Grey and Ripon. For the other members of the English and Danish suites, who were not able to find room in either state box, places were reserved at the ends of the dress circle nearest to their own party.

At the close of the performances, and as the Royal party rose to leave the house, a voice cried out in Danish, "Long live the Prince and Princess of Wales!" It was an anxious moment, and more than one face among the Royal party was listening with evident anxiety for the result of this appeal to a mixed assembly. It came in no doubtful tones, but in a standing volley of cheers from all parts of the house, again and again repeated, the orchestra, as if catching the general enthusiasm, swelling the uproar with a *pas de charge*. The Prince and Princess bowed their acknowledgments and retired from the house; but outside there was even a more astonishing reception, a crowd, roughly estimated at 10,000 to 15,000—some estimates place it at 20,000—persons surrounding the theatre and lining the avenues through which the Royal carriages had to pass. It was necessary for these to pass at a walking pace, and, both on leaving the theatre and as they drove in the direction of Bernstorff, the manifestations of popular enthusiasm were frequent and enthusiastic.

The Prince and Princess of Wales left Copenhagen on Saturday afternoon for Stockholm, amidst salutes from the batteries and the acclamations of the people. Their Royal Highnesses arrived at the Swedish capital on Monday evening. Prince Oscar of Sweden and the Danish Ambassador went out to meet them, and conducted them to the castle, where the Royal family were assembled. An immense crowd gathered to see the Prince and Princess and received them with enthusiastic cheers. Their Royal Highnesses are said to have abandoned their intention of going to St. Petersburg.

THE LATE FIRE IN GRESHAM-STREET. HABERDASHERS' HALL.

IN our last week's Number we published some particulars of the great conflagration in Gresham-street, by which the extensive premises belonging to Messrs. Tapling, carpet warehousemen, and Messrs. Hellaby, manufacturers on a large scale of light articles of wearing apparel, and other tenements, were either destroyed or seriously damaged. Haberdashers' Hall, too, suffered extensively, the stately banqueting-hall being almost entirely consumed. This fine structure was situated at the back of the premises of Messrs. Tapling, and parallel with Gresham-street, in which it had an elegant portico. The original hall of the company was destroyed in the Great Fire of London, in 1666, except that part of it called the strong-room, in which the ancient muniments and plate of the company were deposited. These were all saved intact on that occasion, the intensity of the ordeal to which they were exposed being shown to this day in the molten wax attached to the deeds, though they were inclosed in a place with walls 7 ft. thick during the fire. The present hall was erected in 1668, two years afterwards, and portions of it had been restored and decorated in the present year, at a cost of from £4000 to £5000. The banqueting-hall, of which nothing now remains but the four walls, was of fine proportions, being about 60 ft. long by 30 ft. in

width. It was ornamented by portraits by the first masters of benefactors of the company, and the arms of other distinguished members of the guild were emblazoned on the windows in stained glass. The lower portions of the walls were panelled in oak, and the front of the gallery which ran across the western end of the hall was decorated with carved work by the famous Grinling Gibbons. The ceiling was being repainted and decorated at the time of the fire. On the northern side of the hall, and on the same floor, is a commodious court-room, and immediately above, on the same side, is a drawing-room, with an elegant corridor, overlooking the dining-hall, and approached from each end of the hall by oaken staircases. The ceiling of the drawing-room, which had lately been repainted, has been seriously damaged by water, as has been much of the costly furniture; and a fine lantern of oak, by which one of the staircases is lighted, appears much injured by the action of the fire. The roof and ceiling of the banqueting-hall, with the gallery at the western end, have been entirely destroyed, and the hall is now open to the sky. All that remains of the roof are a few blackened rafters, which serve to show the elegance of its outline and design. Some, if not all, of the paintings have been saved, and two are still to be seen uninjured at the eastern end of the hall, the portraits of William Adams and Robert Aske, dated respectively 1656 and 1690, both noted members and benefactors of the company, the former of whom founded and endowed a grammar-school, of which the governing body of the company are trustees, at Newport, Shropshire, his native town; and a refuge at Hoxton for decayed members of the fraternity exists to this day to attest the benevolence of Robert Aske. The court-room of the company remains uninjured, except by water, as do all the contiguous offices. The hall and offices are understood to be insured for £10,000, but that sum will, it is said, by no means cover the damage.

The accompanying Engraving shows the ruinous condition in which the banqueting-hall has been left by the fire.

ILLUMINATION OF THE FOUNTAINS AT THE CRYSTAL PALACE.

WEDNESDAY, the 21st ult., was a busy day at the Crystal Palace for all who take an interest in ballooning. Mr. Coxwell, who has done so much to raise it from a mere amusement to the dignity of a scientific pursuit, took his first benefit there, and throughout the day furnished a continual succession of novel and interesting exhibitions of his art. A beautiful corner in the gardens had been allotted to the balloon ascents, and the crowd which congregated here at the appointed hour was immense. The performance commenced with a flight of paper balloons, each with a grotesque human or other figure appended. The ascent of the "Mammoth," the great feature of the programme, did not take place until nearly five o'clock, when the workmen having let loose the cords, the huge ball-inflated body rose very slowly, and commenced carrying Mr. Coxwell, Mr. Glaisher, and three other friends, very leisurely on the aerial route to London. There was hardly a breath of air stirring, and some sails, like those of a windmill, which were attached to the balloon, prevented the slightest approach to rotary motion. Later on there was some entertaining experiments in the central transept with a navigable aerial ship; and at half-past seven the performance wound up by a grand night ascent in the "Mars," with a display of fireworks, and the illuminated play of the fountains of the centre basin. The last-mentioned feature of the entertainments, and of which we publish an Illustration, had a very grand effect, and seemed to afford much gratification to the immense assemblage by which it was witnessed.

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ILLUSTRATED TIMES.

SATURDAY, OCTOBER 1, 1864.

SIR JAMES WILDE ON LAW REFORM.

WHEN it was announced that the Judge of her Majesty's new Court of Probate and Divorce (the establishment of which was in itself one of the greatest legal reforms of the age) was to deliver an address upon Jurisprudence at the Social Science Congress, the public had certainly reason to await his Lordship's utterances with an interest approaching anxiety. The learned Judge has spoken, and his speech has been applauded to the echo by the leading journal, among others. We have no such applause to render, and to confess to disappointment is only to confess to a belief in abilities and experience from which higher results might have been anticipated.

The first portion of his Lordship's address was a review of reforms alleged to have been already effected. Among these are enumerated some in existence from time beyond the ordinary memory of the present generation of legal practitioners. It is somewhat late to congratulate the country on the abolition of the monopolies of the attorneys of the Pleas and the Exchequer; while, on the other hand, the assertion that "expense in delay in undefended actions, such as on bills of exchange, have been avoided by a prompt remedy" is simply delusive. Except in actions upon bills of exchange, a defendant, at the cost of two shillings for an appearance, may postpone a plaintiff's claim for a just debt from August until October; or at any time of the year he may drive the plaintiff to expense, delay, and the risk and anxieties of a trial, by the addition of a plea which any pothouse pettifogger can draw and copy in ten minutes. In a most important class of causes—namely, actions of ejectment, no plea is necessary at all, and the mere appearance is sufficient to put the rightful proprietor upon strict proof of his title, against any vagabond who may obtain possession of landed property, by any means short of forcible entry. Even upon bills of exchange, leave to appear and defend is continually granted upon false pretexts put forward by the defendant, and which the plaintiff, whatever may be the means at his command, has no opportunity of rebutting, unless upon trial.

"Good laws," says his Lordship, "will work occasional hardships, for they should be unbending; but, if well administered, never injustice, for their principle should be unerring." This is just the kind of sentence to bring down cheers at a public meeting. It has the true ring of philosophical sententiousness, and its construction does not admit of a sudden

comprehension of its meaning. When this is found, what of it? To allege that good laws work hardships is but sorry praise; while to add, in the same breath, that they cannot work injustice, is to beatify a platitude by a paradox.

His Lordship's description of the gradual growth of our law less by statute than by continual judicial decisions and enunciations of legal principles and abstract justice, appears to have formed the staple of his discourse. We search in vain throughout the whole report for practical expositions of existing wrongs and suggestions for their remedies. We have no means proffered to aid the Legislature to drain the quagmire into which our bankruptcy law has been suffered to subside. There is no hint that such common, everyday commercial matters as the enforcement of the specific performance of contracts, or the winding up of partnership estates, might be carried out by some less costly and unwieldy contrivance than that of the Court of Chancery. We gain no intimation that we may look for a time when beggarly plaintiffs, aided by speculative attorneys, may harass responsible defendants by unfounded actions, instituted purely for purposes of extortion. No glimpse of an amendment of the poor laws, of the licensing system, or of the rural magistracy; no admonition or direction of which it might be hoped that the Law Society might avail itself for the extrusion of notoriously rascally practitioners from the ranks of the legal profession; no reprobation of the misdeeds of sponging-house keepers, brokers, or county court bailiffs; no project for the cheap and simple transfer of land; in fact, except a long and verbose disquisition upon our system of following precedents as guides for new decisions, nothing at all on which the reader can lay hold.

It seems an ungracious thing to apply to a long, laborious, and, it must be owned, in its way a successful, address, such as that of Sir James Wilde, the test of the speaker's own personal application of his avowed principles. We all remember the Hopley case. The man was a harsh schoolmaster. He killed a pupil by a midnight thrashing, and forced his wife to sit up till morning, stitching up the corpse in a covering to conceal the crime. He was cruel to his wife, whom he was wont to beat and spit upon. He was sentenced and imprisoned for manslaughter, and on his return his wife, who had condoled with him when all the rest of the world was adverse, was forced to apply for separation on the ground of his cruelty. She proved this clearly enough; but he alleged a condonation which she in turn attributed to the terror by means of which a violent and persistent mind may so easily gain an ascendancy over a weaker in the married state. Sir James Wilde decided in favour of the condonation, and the poor woman at once fled, an exile from her country and her children. This sentence was freely commented upon at the time, and therefore it now strikes us as peculiarly curious to find his Lordship uttering, and the *Times* approvingly quoting, a peroration exalting "that boldness which is born of the firm conviction that whatever is contrary to common-sense and natural justice ought to be contrary to law—the boldness which fears not to depart from the past to render homage to the present—which acknowledges that the law is made for man, and not man for the law; and which marches straight to its object, preferring simplicity, with some defects, to the perfection at which complexity aims but rarely reaches."

SAYINGS AND DOINGS.

THE EMPEROR OF THE FRENCH has, it is said, been trying the Banting system of diet, with a very visible result.

PRINCESS DAGMAR, it is now quite settled, is to be betrothed to the Czarewitch.

QUEEN CHRISTINA has left Paris to return to Spain.

LORD WODEHOUSE will, says an Irish paper, be immediately appointed Lord Lieutenant of Ireland, in the room of the Earl of Carlisle.

MARSHAL M'MAHON is reported by the French papers to have had an enthusiastic reception in Algeria.

THE HEALTH OF THE EARL OF CARLISLE is very unsatisfactory; the noble Earl is almost speechless, and sinking under a disease known as the creeping palsy.

VISCOUNT AMBERLEY, eldest son of Earl Russell, will shortly marry the Hon. Katherine Stanley, one of Lord Stanley of Alderley's daughters.

AT SUTTON-ON-TRENT, a few days ago, a man aged eighty married a five-months' widow, aged seventy-nine.

THE MEETING OF THE BRITISH ASSOCIATION at Bath has realised a profit of £2222 17s.

JOHN LANG, ESQ., barrister-at-law, and editor of the *Mofussilite*, died recently at Mussoorie, India, after a protracted illness.

A MARBLE TABLET has been placed in front of the house in Brecon South Wales, in which Mrs. Siddons was born, in order to keep the fact in memory.

THE PORT OF CALAIS is about to be considerably enlarged, and the landing-quay increased from 500 to 1220 yards in length.

THE STEAMER WASHOE recently exploded her boiler in the Sacramento River, San Francisco, when 150 passengers were either killed or wounded.

THE DAUGHTERS OF DR. BRADY, M.P. for the county of Leitrim, have inherited a fortune of upwards of £1,000,000 by the death of Mr. Henry Bayner, of the Isle of Wight. The deceased gentleman was the grand-uncle of the young ladies, who are now in a convent-school in France.

THE BRITISH GOVERNMENT has given £500 to the sister of the late Dr. Edward Vogel, who lost his life in Central Africa whilst travelling for the Foreign Office, giving his services gratuitously.

FIFTY-SIX PICTURES, principally by old Dutch masters, which have been lent to the Department of Science and Art by Mr. Walter, M.P., are now arranged in the gallery of the Kensington Museum which until recently contained the oil-paintings of Mulready.

AT POMPEII there has recently been found a large white square marble block, upon which is carved an almanack with some extraordinary and interesting data.

THE COUNCIL-GENERAL OF THE PYRENEES-ORIENTALES has authorised the opening of a subscription for the erection of a statue to François Arago at Estagel, his birthplace, in that department.

A SERGEANT AND FOUR PRIVATES OF THE ROYAL ENGINEERS sailed from Southampton last week for Alexandria, on their way to Jerusalem. They are going out to make an exact topographical survey of the city and neighbourhood, including all its more famous hills and valleys.

THE PLEASURE-YACHT OF THE LATE KING FREDERICK OF DENMARK has been sold to a steam-packet company for 25,000 rix-dollars, and is intended to be used in future in the coasting-trade of Jutland, between Aalborg and Frederickshavn. It cost originally 60,000 rix-dollars, or about £7000.

THE VICTORIA CROSS has been conferred on the following officers for gallant conduct in New Zealand:—Assistant Surgeon William George Nicholas Manley, Assistant Surgeon William Temple, and Lieutenant Arthur Frederick Pickard, Royal Artillery; Ensign John Thornton Down and Drummer Lidbury Stagpoole, 57th Regiment.

MR. HOLMAN HUNT is at the present time on a visit to Mr. Fairbairn, at Burton Park, Potworth, and is engaged in painting one of those beautiful landscapes for which Burton Park and its neighbourhood are so famous.

MR. ALDERMAN HALE was on Thursday chosen Lord Mayor of London for the ensuing year.

A POOR WOMAN NAMED BROWN, living at Deptford, committed suicide a few days ago by swallowing two large doses of paraffin oil. The poor creature suffered from delusions, and was manifestly of unsound mind.

AN ACTRESS at one of the larger Paris theatres is about to bring an action against a minor actress for imitating both her gestures and voice. Should the decision of the court prove favourable to the outraged artiste, mimics will have to be careful.

THE SEVEN LARGEST CHURCHES IN EUROPE are respectively capable of accommodating the following numbers:—St. Peter's, Rome, 54,000; Cathedral at Milan, 37,000; St. Paul's, London, 25,000; Ste. Sophia, Constantinople, 23,000; Notre Dame de Paris, 21,000; Cathedral of Pisa, 13,000; St. Mark's, Venice, 7000.

THE HEAD OFFICE of the Magnetic and Submarine Telegraph Companies, in Threadneedle-street, City, was partially destroyed by fire on Monday night, a large number of instruments and other telegraphic apparatus being consumed.

AT FLORENCE a document to the following effect is in circulation for general subscription:—"If, say the Florentines, the transfer of the capital implies the surrender of the national claims upon Rome, we reject the boon."

MR. HENRY LEGGATT, while on a journey between London and Manchester, called for some soup at the Rugby station, and swallowed it rapidly in order to take his place in the carriage. He shortly after felt great pain, and subsequently discovered that he had swallowed a nail in the soup, which caused such serious injuries that death has been the result.

A SHOCK OF AN EARTHQUAKE was felt on Monday night through a considerable portion of Lancashire. In Bacup, Rochdale, and Skipton the tremor of the earth was very great, and considerable alarm was excited among those whose sleep was disturbed by the phenomenon.

CAPTAIN BURTON has been removed from the Consulate of Fernando Po, in West Africa, to that of Santos, in South America. The rule of the Foreign Office is to allow six months' leave of absence on every change of residence; these six months will be devoted by Captain Burton to renewed explorations in Africa. He hopes to ascend the Congo to its source.

A FIREWORKS MANUFACTORY exploded at Sheffield on Monday morning. The firework-maker was busy in his calling when some of the dangerous materials he was preparing exploded, and completely wrecked his own shop and the one adjoining. The firework-maker himself escaped with only a few slight burns.

A RATHER AGED LADY, who recently married a young and fast man, on quitting him at a railway station when he was going on voyage for some important private affairs, after an embrace of the most loving character, put her head into the carriage and said, "Cher Charles, remember that you are married." To which he replied, "Chère Caroline, I will make a memorandum of it," and at once tied a knot in his handkerchief.

GENERAL BUTLER'S FATHER was a privateer in the war of 1812; but, subsequently turning his attention to more questionable operations, he was tried, convicted, and hanged at one of the Spanish West India islands for piracy. Tradition adds that he was also quartered; but of this report the evidence is not satisfactory.

IN THE YEAR 1782 two little boys fought a battle in the School Close at Rugby. One of the combatants—Walter Savage Landor—died at Florence, on the 17th ult., at a very advanced age. The other—General Sir Arthur Clifton, K.C.H. and K.C.B., an old Waterloo and Peninsular veteran, a Lieutenant-Colonel for fifty-four years, and the oldest Rugebian—is still alive, and, when in London, is generally a daily visitor at the Senior United Service Club.

A MISS HILLUNE, residing in Church-street, Albion-road, Stoke Newington, has just died at the advanced age of 105 years. She had resided at the house in which she died the whole of her lifetime, having been born there, and having been many times heard to assert that during the whole of her existence she had never slept out of it. She kept a small shop for the sale of miscellaneous articles. She did not take to her bed until ten days before her death, and up to that time her books and accounts were in a state of perfect order.

THE SYSTEM OF TENDERING BY CONTRACTORS received a curious illustration on Tuesday, at the meeting of the Metropolitan Board of Works. Among the tenders for the erection of the Abbey Mills Pumping-station were offers to do the work for £134,228, for £112,500, and for—to do the same amount of labour on the same specification—£54,700! Surely somebody was out in his calculations? The board accepted the lowest tender, subject to inquiries.

THE ARKLOW LIFE-BOAT, belonging to the National Institution, rendered very important services to the iron ship Edinburgh Castle, which had struck on the Arklow Sandbank in a very high sea, on the night of the 29th ult. The ship was bound from Glasgow to Singapore with a valuable general cargo. The captain of the vessel gave the crew of the life-boat his note for £40 in gratitude for the services rendered.

FINE ARTS.

MR. WALTER'S PICTURES AT THE SOUTH KENSINGTON MUSEUM.

THE rooms at South Kensington lately occupied by the Mulready Collection are now devoted to the exhibition of a selection of pictures lent by Mr. Walter, M.P. Should it be the design of the authorities to repeat such exhibitions in future, we can only say again to them what we said, last week, to the Sydenham directors. For as the Kensington Museum is to the Crystal Palace, so is Mr. Walter to Mr. Bicknell; and a national museum should be in stronger force than that.

If the pictures now shown are a fair sample of the art-treasures of Bearwood, we can only conclude that the proprietor of the *Times* does not avail himself of the services of the art-critic of that journal in his purchases of paintings. There are, it is true, among them gems to which we shall presently have to refer; but, as a whole, they are hardly as good as many private collections belonging to gentlemen of comparatively moderate means.

Mr. Walter's taste appears chiefly to direct him to the purchase of pictures of the Dutch school. Now, pictures of the Dutch school, having, as a rule, little to recommend them in choice of subject, depend pre-eminently on execution for their value; and execution in so many words, *ceteris paribus*, the difference between a good and a bad picture, second-rate Dutch pictures are comparatively worthless. And there are several second-rate Dutch pictures in this collection.

It may appear ungracious, at first sight, to criticise a loan exhibition thus severely; but we would have it remembered that these remarks are intended rather as hints to the South Kensington authorities as to future selections than as suggestions to Mr. Walter, who, if he likes to contemplate Van Strij's cows and Zorg's pipkins, will take no heed of criticism, but continue, like a sensible man, to cover his walls with what he chooses.

The South Kensington Museum is so pleasant a place, and so instructive a one to visit, that our readers are almost sure to drop in there sometime during the stay of the Walter Collection, and they will be well repaid by a sight of the few gems to be found in it.

Before going to the picture-galleries, however, we would recommend them by no means to omit inspection of the so-called frescoes (they are painted on canvas) in the niches in the new portion of the building. Mr. Leighton's "Cimabue" and "Pisano" are splendid works. The others are feeble and want character: as a rule, their gold backgrounds are the cleverest parts about them. We understand that two of the compartments are from the brush of Mr. Marks; but, the burlesque element being absent, they have nothing to distinguish them from their fellows, and we failed to discover them.

Behind these "frescoes" runs a gallery devoted to the exhibition of the works of pupils of the department, and we should recommend everyone to perform pilgrimage to its farthest end to inspect three studies of skies by a pupil at Boston, which are most meritorious and noteworthy.

After these excursions we will, without further parley, conduct our readers to Mr. Walter's Collection.

By far the best picture exhibited is W. Mieris' "Druggist Shop." The exquisite painting of the hands and faces in this elaborate work is beyond praise. The woman's expression is perhaps a little weak, but that of the old druggist is life itself. Nor are the accessories less carefully painted, though without over-obtrusiveness—unless, indeed, a rope of poppyheads on our right be a little too demonstrative. Two or three splendid sombre Ruyssdaels follow suit. One is particularly fine—"The Castle of Bentheim," wherein the eye is led from the low, plashy foreground, with broken masses cropping up in the front, over dark bosoms of wood with here and there a roof peeping out, to the grey old castle standing out clear against a cold sky. A capital Hobbema runs the Ruyssdaels pretty close.

F. Mieris is represented by a clever portrait—supposed to be his

own—painted with marvellous finish. The date is so craftily given that the spectator can hardly determine whether it be painted or cut on the panel. "A Marriage at Cana," by Jan Steen, will repay close examination. A group down to the right corner of the picture is the best portion. The woman's figure, the rendering of the texture of her dress, and the unmistakable way in which she is drinking, are finely painted, and all the surrounding figures are deserving of close study. The principal figure—that of the Saviour—is curiously feeble when compared with the vigour of the rest.

Two little paintings by N. Maas are good specimens of his style—the "Girl Paring Apples" being the best; and there is a lifelike "Schoolmaster" by Van Elst, whose face is most humorously and truthfully conceived. There is also a good specimen of Durer, and one of A. Ostade, an "Adoration." Two Ochterveldts—the "Elzevir" family and "A Ticklish Subject"—are remarkably clever.

There is a good "Frost Scene" by Bergheem; and two landscapes by Wynants—"An Old Pollard" especially, should not be overlooked. There are some fine effects of light and shade in De Hooge's "Garden Scene," where a game of ninepins is afoot; and one or two festivals by Ferg will be found worthy of note, though too highly hung to be seen well.

The specimens of Wouvermans are inferior, but there is a picture of two sisters by Cranach that is curiously good in its quaint realisation of character and costume. Nor must a couple of small landscapes by J. Vander Heyden be forgotten; nor an "Italian Palace" by Weenix, although it is very unequal in parts. A sunset view by Du Jardin, with a queer episode introduced, is noticeable for a good sunset effect of light; and "Two Cows and a Young Bull" by Paul Potter are painted with the happiest knowledge and delicacy. The cow lying down in the foreground is a mere miracle for rendering of texture.

A fruit and still-life piece by Mignon is carefully painted—a lichen-covered branch in it being realised most vividly.

A Sasso Ferrato, from which the colour has flown most lamentably—if it ever had any, and be a Sasso Ferrato—is judiciously hung too high for close inspection. But there is an Albano that is pleasing in colour. Our catalogue closes with one of De Witte's wonderful interiors, with a digging sexton and sacrae doge.

In the same room is exhibited that most extraordinary painting, poor Martin's "Coronation of Queen Victoria." The artist, with a strange taste, selected the moment in the solemn ceremony when Lord Rolle exactly carried out his name. The picture is an extraordinary one; and a thinking man, who remembers the wide reputation which Martin acquired, can hardly fail to ponder over it with some perplexity. One of his first reflections will probably be as to the amount of white which was used on the canvas. The progress which art has made in this direction will be seen by a comparison of this picture with Mr. G. Thomas's painting of a somewhat similar subject, "The Wedding of the Prince of Wales." Whatever we have done in other respects, we have certainly improved in this style of picture.

RETURN OF TROOPS FROM CANADA.

SOME excitement has recently been caused in Canada in consequence of a semi-official rumour that our Government is about materially to reduce the military force maintained in the colony, and a writer in a Montreal paper, assuming the statement to be true, declares, not without reason, that any such determination should not be adopted without ample notice of the intention of the Government being delivered to the colonial authorities. With respect to the efforts which are now being made for the raising of a colonial militia force, it would appear from the letter of a correspondent that three years ago in the whole province there were only 4708 volunteers, and of that number hardly one company could drill creditably. Now there are on the roll 21,700; 10,057 have been organised into battalions, and of these the majority, having been brigaded with the regular troops, have gone very creditably through the movements of a field-day, and acquitted themselves to the satisfaction of the commanding general; 15,173, including the numbers given above, appeared at the annual inspection by officers of the Line appointed to review them last spring. The remainder are armed and clothed, and with respect to drill, are at least as good as the 4708 that constituted the whole volunteer force three years ago.

It is proposed immediately to ballot for militiamen throughout all Canada: 88,000 men will be drawn for service. These 88,000 men will be at once enrolled in battalions, and officers, invariably selected from those gentlemen who have received certificates of qualification at the military schools, will be posted to them as soon as possible.

With the measures taken to provide officers no fault can be found. The schools of military instruction are turning them out with as thorough a knowledge of drill and regimental discipline as is possessed by the officers of any regular army, at the rate of 800 a year, and it is said to be in contemplation to double this number by the establishment of additional schools of the same description as those now in operation.

The Himalaya screw troop-ship, arrived at Spithead on Sunday of last week with the 1st battalion of Grenadier Guards and a portion of the 2nd battalion of Scots Fusiliers from Canada. The former were under the command of Acting Major and Lieutenant-Colonel W. B. de Horsey, and the Scots Fusiliers under that of Captain and Lieutenant-Colonel William Atchison. Major-General the Hon. J. Lindsay, M.P., and Captain the Hon. C. Elliot, Grenadier Guards' Aide-de-Camp, also came home on leave.

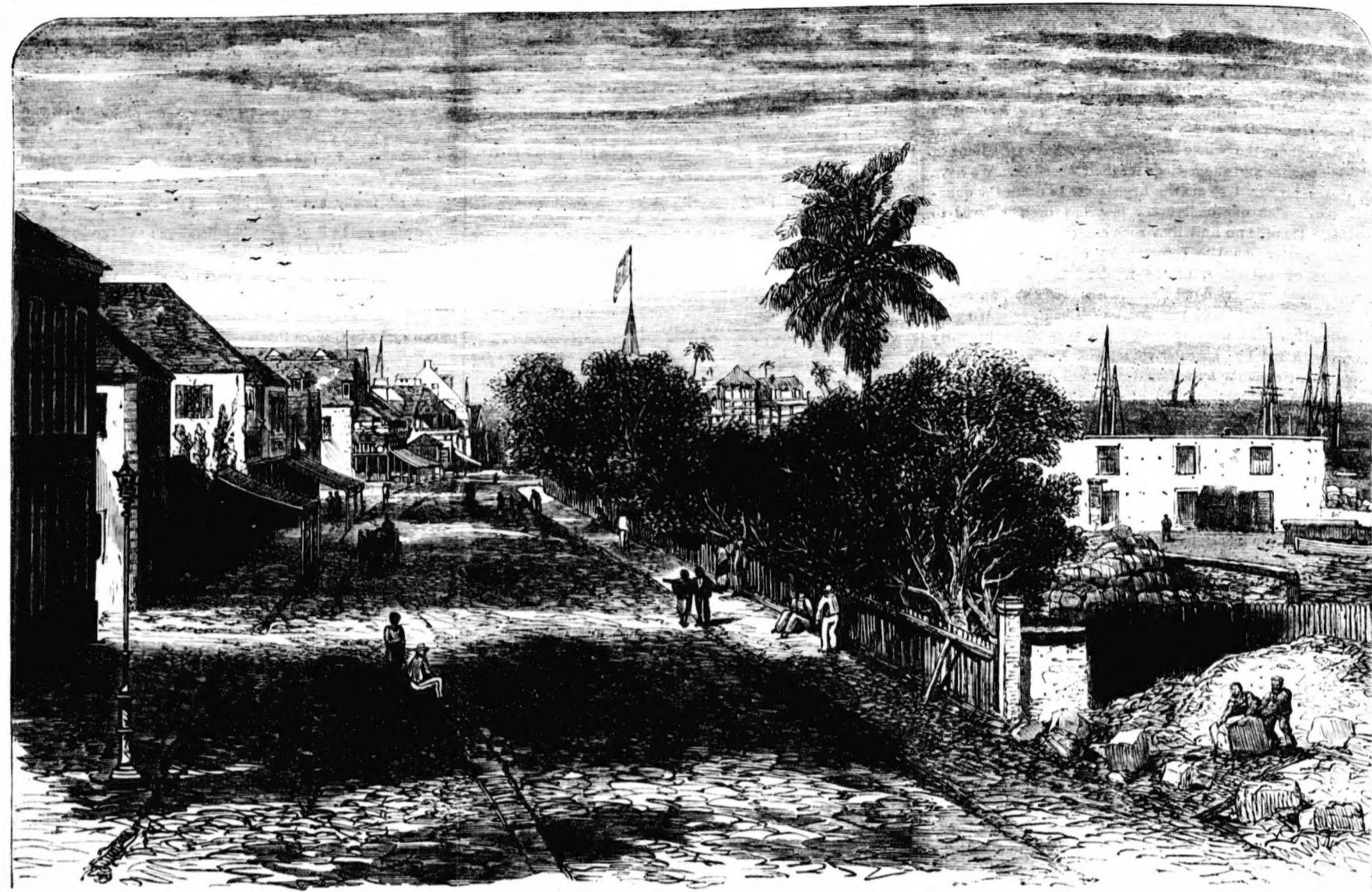
The strength of each regiment on board was:—Grenadier Guards, 9 Staff sergeants, 6 wives of sergeants, 3 children, 711 non-commissioned officers and privates, 78 women, 102 children, and 4 horses. Scots Fusilier Guards—206 non-commissioned officers and privates, 34 women, 34 children, and 2 horses.

The Himalaya left Quebec on the 7th ult., after receiving the Guards on board from the Europa, which had conveyed them to Quebec from Montreal. The Urgent screw troop-ship arrived at Quebec at noon on the 6th with detachments of Royal Artillery, and also an officer and eight men of the 100th (Canadian) Regiment. She was expected to leave Quebec for Spithead with the remainder of the Scots Fusiliers about the 14th ult. The disembarkation of the Guards at Portsmouth (represented in our Engraving) took place on Monday of last week, when they were marched to the north end of the dockyard, where they entered two special trains, and left at two o'clock for London.

Major-General Paulet, C.B., accompanied by his Aide-de-Camp, Captain Sir John Paulet, was present on the occasion of the disembarkation.

THE LEEDS BANK.—A meeting of the shareholders in the Leeds Banking Company was held on Wednesday to receive the report of the committee of investigation. This threw the blame of the failure upon the system of discounting certain bills, and the granting facilities to persons who ought never to have been admitted within the doors of the bank. The deficiency which the shareholders are likely to be called on to make up amounts to a little over £500,000. The committee of investigation was reappointed, and the names of certain gentlemen recommended as liquidators. J. W. Marsden, who for some years has carried on business in Leeds as an iron-founder, has forged bills to the amount of £80,000, and had them discounted by the bank. Marsden has absconded.

BARON ROTHSCHILD AND THE BEGGING-LETTER WRITER.—Baron de Rothschild possesses the most voluminous collection of begging letters that any financier ever received. They form a complete series. Among the number is one lately addressed to the Baron containing the very tempting proposition that, for the bagatelle of 50,000*fr.*, the writer would engage to show how he could prolong his life to the age of 150 years. The following is the Baron's reply:—"Sir, It has frequently happened to me to be threatened with death if I did not give a sum of money. You are certainly the first that has ever asked me for it in proposing to prolong my life. Your proposition is, without doubt, far better and more humane. But my religion teaches me that we are all under the hand of God, and I will not do anything to withdraw myself from His decrees. My refusal, moreover, does not in any way attack your discovery, from which you will not fail, I hope, to profit yourself. Regretting that I cannot accede to your proposal, I sincerely congratulate you on the 150 years which you are called on to live in this world.—Accept, &c., J. DE ROTHSCHILD."



BAY-STREET, NASSAU, NEW PROVIDENCE.

VIEWS IN NASSAU, NEW PROVIDENCE.

We this week publish two more Engravings of scenes in Nassau. The first of these is a perspective view of Bay-street, the principal thoroughfare of the town, from east to west, the harbour lying on the right of the picture. This street is full of the offices of merchants and the stores of dealers in all descriptions of goods, the owners of which may at any time during the day be seen smoking in the shade of their doorways, and occasionally indulging in that favourite Yankee beverage, "brandy-cocktail." The figures in the foreground are Bahama negroes, about the most lazy, impudent, and dirty creatures in the world, and who divide their attention between smoking halfpenny cigars and sugar-cane and drinking rum. White

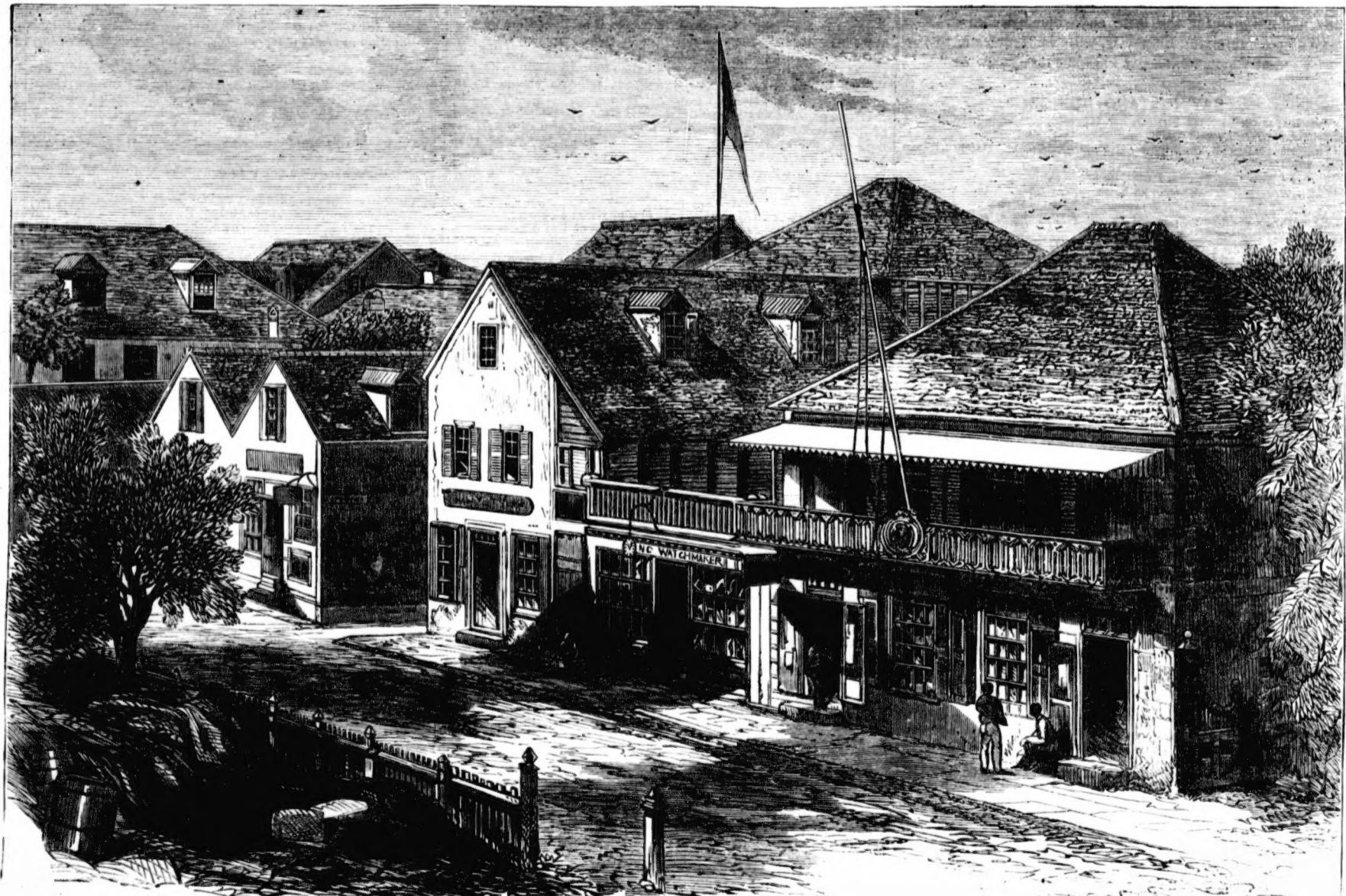
people rarely venture out in the sun without umbrellas, so intense is the heat of the place. This, however, is no inconvenience to the negro.

The building, with the verandah, clock, and flagstaff, on the right of the other Engraving, is the office of the Federal Consul, who is not in much favour in the island, the inhabitants of which have, of course, strong sympathies with the South, the trade to which has been the means of raising Nassau to importance. On the extreme left is the store of the Deputy Spanish Consul.

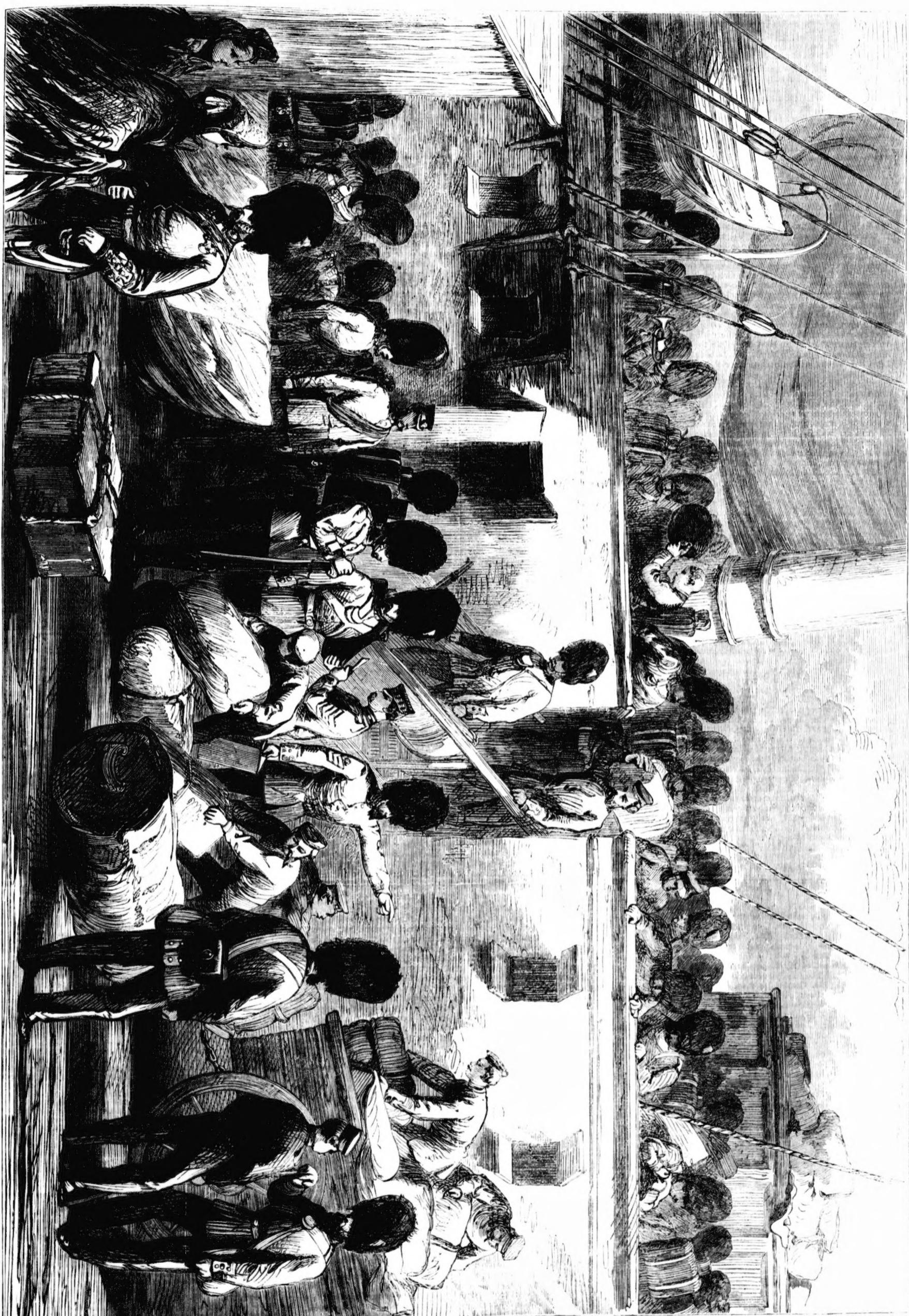
The latest addition to the blockade-running fleet is a beautiful steel paddle-steamer, of extraordinary speed, called the Colonel Lamb, which left Liverpool a few days ago for Halifax, en route

to Wilmington. This vessel is expected to prove a very successful venture, and to be able to distance any craft which the Federal authorities can send to sea.

It seems it was not Captain Butcher, of the blockade-runner Owl, who died of yellow fever, at Bermuda, on the 27th of August. The fact is that letters have been received in Liverpool from Captain Butcher, dated Halifax, Sept. 1, at which date the captain, his officers, and crew were well. The rumour of his death was circulated at Bermuda, and was owing, it seems, to the death at that place, from yellow fever, of Mr. Charles Butcher, the representative of a large London, Manchester, and Liverpool shipping firm.



THE OFFICE OF THE AMERICAN CONSUL, NASSAU, NEW PROVIDENCE.



THE FIRST BATTALION OF GRENADIER GUARDS LANDING AT PORTSMOUTH ON THEIR ARRIVAL FROM CANADA—(FROM A SKETCH BY LIEUT. SECOMBE.)

THE LOUNGER AT THE CLUBS.

The following paragraph, which has probably been printed in some hundreds of papers since it first appeared, contains almost as many blunders as lines:—

THE CONTINUANCE OF PARLIAMENT.—The present Parliament was "begun and holden on the 21st of May, 1859," and will not legally expire until the close of next year. The last was the "sixth" Session, and, as Parliament is septennial, "seven" can be holden. According to the usual practice, the dissolution will take place next spring, and the new Parliament will assemble in the November following for a short time, and then adjourn to February or March for the transaction of general business.

The present Parliament was "not begun and holden on the 21st of May, 1859," but on Tuesday, the 31st; and it will not legally expire at the end of next year. It will, of course, legally expire when it shall be dissolved. What the writer means, however, is that it will legally expire at the end of next year, if it be not dissolved before. But neither is this true. If not dissolved before, it will legally expire on the 31st of May, 1866—see May's "Practice of Parliament," which tells us that, "under the statute of Geo. I, c. 38—commonly known as the Septennial Act—it (Parliament) ceases to exist after seven years from the day on which by writ of summons it was appointed to meet." This Parliament, then, having been appointed to meet on the 31st of May, 1859, will, as I have said, unless it shall be dissolved before, expire on the 31st of May, 1866. The writer is wrong in thinking that only seven Sessions can be holden. Parliaments are septennial, and not septennial. The number of Sessions depends upon the calls of the Crown. Thus much for the writer's knowledge of the law; and now a word or two on his prophecy, which you perceive, he gives us very confidently. "According to usual practice," he says, "the dissolution will take place next spring." I know of no such "usual practice;" and unless some political crisis should occur, I do not believe that Lord Palmerston will dissolve before Midsummer. A dissolution in the spring would be exceedingly inconvenient, for, remember, the money must be got before Parliament can be dismissed. It is true, the House might grant money on account. This was done in 1859, if I remember rightly; but then a dissolution was forced upon the Government and could not be postponed. But if Parliament should be dissolved in the spring, the new Parliament will certainly assemble as soon as possible, to pass the balances of the Estimates and to go on with the private business. The course which Lord Palmerston will take I think will be this: he will dissolve immediately after the next Session shall have run its course, and call the new Parliament together in November, to elect a Speaker and swear in the members; and, this being done, both Houses will adjourn till the beginning of February, 1866.

There will be some strange changes at the next general election, whenever it may occur. There comes a startling report of a change at Halifax, which, I am informed, is sure to take place. Mr. Ackroyd, the great manufacturer there, is to supersede Sir Charles Wood, who has represented Halifax since 1832, when it was made a Parliamentary borough. The state of the case is this: Ackroyd is sure to get in. His popularity at Halifax is so great, and deservedly so, that no one can hope to oppose him with success; and, as to Mr. Stansfeld, if he were disposed to resign in favour of Sir Charles, his Radical friends would not let him. There is a sort of compact at Halifax between the Whigs and Radicals that each party shall have one member. This, then, being so, Sir Charles must go. Indeed, it is understood that he will not stand. It was said some time ago that he would go the Upper House, and I suspect he will. After having sat for one place for thirty-two years, he will hardly like to hunt about for another seat. Mr. Edward Ackroyd describes himself in "Dad," 1857, as "a Liberal, a supporter of Lord Palmerston's foreign and domestic policy;" intends "to join the knot of philanthropic members in the house;" is in favour of "an extension of the suffrage, &c., and of permissive ballot." In 1857 Mr. Ackroyd opposed Mr. Cobden at Huddersfield, and beat him by 823 to 590 votes. It was Mr. Cobden's successful motion in the house on the Chinese Iorcha question, it will be remembered, which compelled Lord Palmerston to dissolve Parliament. The great free-trader was out of Parliament for two years, during which time he travelled on the Continent and went to Algeria, and it is said that during this period he conceived and prepared the way for the carrying out the celebrated French treaty.

Mr. Laing has been prowling about Wick, I see, and delivering an optimist speech there. The ex-Indian Chancellor of the Exchequer means mischief in that quarter; and Lord Bury, the Treasurer for the Household, will have, I fancy, to budge, for Laing is Scotch and Lord Bury is not—which will be quite enough to make the people of Wick prefer Laing to Bury. His Lordship succeeded Mr. Laing when the latter went to India as Finance Minister; and, suspecting that his predecessor might come back and claim the seat, the noble Lord sounded Mr. Laing; whereupon the Finance Minister simply replied "Go!" There was, however, no pledge given. At that time Mr. Lang expected to be many years in India. Nevertheless, his Lordship is naturally annoyed that he has been only a warming-pan for Mr. Laing. Still, he has not much to complain of. The seat cost him nothing, and he has held it four years, with the comfortable berth of Treasurer to the Household attached. Mr. Laing aspires, no doubt, to office again, and will probably get it if the Whigs keep in; for, if he be nothing else, he is unquestionably a capital-financier. If Sir Charles Wood should go to the Upper House, perhaps Mr. Laing will become the Under Secretary for India, and take charge of Indian matters in the House of Commons. Sir Charles and Mr. Laing did not pull together very well when Mr. L. was in India. There was a considerable discrepancy between them as to the state of Indian finance, which few understood; nor could I ever learn which was right. But Mr. Laing will prove a sharp critic if he be not employed; and Lord Palmerston's invariable policy is to get rid of abit criticism by securing the services of the critics. Mr. Laing, if my readers care to know, is the nephew of Malcolm Laing the historian, and son of Mr. Laing the celebrated traveller in Norway, Denmark, &c. The family has a patrimonial estate in Orkney. Mr. Samuel Laing is a Cambridge man, and was Second Wrangler in 1832. He has been chairman of the Crystal Palace Company, chairman of the Brighton Railway, and now presides over the General Credit Company.

"Well, Blogg," said I to my political gossip, whom I met in Regent-street the other day, "what on earth brings you here at this dull season?" "Ah! my worthy Lounger. Well, I am only passing through the desert, on my way to Norfolk, to Humdrum Hall, to shoot pheasants for Sir John, for he cannot himself shoot; and, unless the longtails should be as scarce as the grouse, and as shy, I shall send you a basket before October is out." "Grouse scarce! Why, there was a capital hatching." "Ay; but in May there came a heavy fall of snow, and the young birds perished by thousands." "Well, what's the news?" "None, except that Pam is as hearty as ever, and in trim for work, and means to hold on till autumn, and then dissolve." "So? How do you know that? I've just been writing on that subject." "Had it from young Lickplatte, the chief steward of the jam and jelly department in the palace. He heard it from B. C., who said it was all settled." "Do you intend to stand for a borough?" "Not I. Had an offer, though. Old Scout wrote to me the other day to say that he wanted a candidate for Mudborough. Sure seat, cost only a few hundreds, &c." "Well, why didn't you close with him?" "Close with him? because I know the trap. Here, have you seen this book—'Biglow Papers?' I bought it at the railway-station—the first book that I have bought these five years." "Oh! yes, I have it; but what has that to do with Scout's offer?" "Why, here's an answer. I hadn't seen it when I replied to Scout's letter, or I would have copied it:—

Thrash away, you'll hev to rattle
On them kettledrums o' yourn;
Taint a knowin' kind o' cattle
That is ketch'd with mouldy corn.

It's a case, my boy, of the spider and the fly—"Come, walk into my parlour," said the spider to the fly. But Bluebottle can't see it. I've seen scores of fellows walk into this parlour, and most of them

will have the old spider's web hanging about them as long as they live, and their estates after them." "You are wise; but, to change the subject, you read Dizzy's speech?" "No; it was all about turnips and Cotswoold sheep." "Not all. There was a passage in it about the American war, which, to my mind, contained wiser words than any that have been spoken since the war began." "Eh! but it's a rare thing for you to praise Dizzy." "Well, I have always said this of him—Get him away from faction and party, and he always says something worth listening to. He thinks, and reads for materials for thinking." "But what does he say? Does he go for North or South?" "Neither. He spoke of the causes and probable duration of the war. He says the issues of this war are vast and the causes of it profound; and he thinks that there will not be peace yet. But read the passage." "I will. And now by-bye, I must catch my train."

Crinoline is a bad thing. I am led to this remark, which, though by no means new, is perfectly true, from reading that an assistant judge has recently pronounced a similar verdict. And, therefore, it may be asked, is crinoline doomed? I fear not. It is ugly, it is expensive, it is inconvenient. But, say the ladies, "it is so comfortable in wet weather." But people usually avoid going out in wet weather if they can. But, perhaps—remember, I say perhaps—crinoline is doomed. The tyrant of stalls at theatres, seats at dinner, and in carriages, cabs, railways, and omnibuses totters to collapse. It is whispered, that is, *on dit, they say, it is rumoured*, "a report is gaining currency," &c., that at Schwalbach the Empress Eugenie appears without crinoline. This news sounds as if too good to be true; but yet, who knows? The Empress introduced the unsightly fashion. Why should she not say to her lady's maid "Take off that bauble!" and so win imperishable glory? *On dit, they say, it is rumoured, a report has gained currency*, &c., that the leader of ladies' fashions is at Schwalbach in consequence of a conjugal difference with H. M. the Emperor. Politicians insist that this difference is political; but politicians do not know everything, a fact of which they give abundant proof every week. Why may not the difference be domestic? The master of France may have chosen to abolish "hoops;" an august lady may have resisted; but absence and the Schwalbach waters may have induced her to relent; and in 1874—for it will take ten years for a fact of fashion to permeate the popular mind—the English house-may no longer wash the doorsteps with an iron-wire imitation of firegrate wrapped round her.

Alliteration is a charming thing now and then. I send you a choice bit:—"The somewhat prosy, pragmatical, but decidedly practical, Prime Minister Polonius"—I will not continue, nor will I send you the name of the sheet from which I have quoted. It is useless giving advertisements to those who already advertise too freely.

Mr. John Macrae Moir has in the press a new work on capital punishment, based on Professor Mittermaier's "Todesstrafe," and which will shortly appear. The work, which has received the approval of Lord Brougham, takes up the ground, among other arguments, that energetic prison discipline is more effective as a deterrent than death punishment and is at the same time capable of reforming the greatest criminals.

THE LITERARY LOUNGER.

I saw the other day, at a bookstall, a copy of the original edition of Shelley's "Adonais"—the edition of 1821 (see Shelley's letter to Mr. and Mrs. Gisborne, of July 13, 1821)—and could not help wondering what a modern poet would think of having anything of his printed in such a wretched pamphlet-looking form. Coarse paper, coarse print, with a thin blue cover—exactly like the sort of tract the small polemics of Sydney Smith's days used to issue in the course of their paper wars. The "Adonais" is, of course, too small for a volume, but we "do up" even the "thinnest" poems better nowadays. For example, I have before me a scarce little "tract" of poems, called "Reverberations," published by Mr. John Chapman in 1849. It is by that mysterious "M." who wrote "Little Boy Blue" and "Aquinus," and whose personality is such a secret. However, I was going to say this "Reverberations" is three times as neat as the "Adonais," though both are pamphlets.

Talking about Shelley reminds one of the "Cenci;" and the poetic drama is, then, not so far off. We have all of us got into a reckless way of saying the poetic *acting* drama is dead and done for. It will pass, as a random shot,

Between the walnuts and the wine;

but that is all. One thing is certain, there are yet people living, and people of fine powers, too, who believe in it. Mr. Robert Buchanan ("Undertones") has a new poetic drama coming out at Sadler's Wells directly. It is called "The Witchfinder." The scene is laid in Salem, Massachusetts; the date is 1895, and the hero, an interesting male imbecile, is played by Miss Marriott. I, for one, shall be there to see. Won't you go after that? If you should see in the outermost row of the stalls a severe-looking person of ripe years and long iron-grey beard, wearing an enormous pair of tortoiseshell spectacles, and applauding in a select manner, with a large green umbrella, that will be a disinterested *claqueur*, but it won't be me.

N. B. For a defence of that last locution I refer you to Dr. Latham. You don't choose to be "referred?" Very good; what do you suppose I care? Leave it alone—but go and see "The Witchfinder."

THEATRICAL LOUNGER.

The doors of DRURY LANE opened on Saturday last, and an eager audience trooped in to hear and to see "Henry IV." With one or two exceptions, the cast remains the same as when, last season, the "completeness" of the historical revival took the town by storm. The most notable of these exceptions were the appearance of Mr. Creswick as Hotsper and of Mr. Marston as the usurping Bolingbroke. Mr. Creswick declaims with great earnestness and good intention, but his rendering of Harry Percy was not entirely satisfactory. There was something wanting—whether it was the chivalry, or the impetuosity, or the strong sense of humour, or all three. But perhaps our rebellious English Bayard should not be judged by a first appearance on so large a stage and on so special an occasion. It would be difficult to overpraise Mr. Henry Marston's King. The actors of the old school, as they are called, though somewhat stilted when they endeavour to represent the manners of modern life, have, after all, "the grand air," "vieille école, bonne école." They are accustomed to Royal robes, and to the treading of steps leading to thrones. They have, as it were, been nursed upon blank verse, and weaned upon the very stateliest of prose. With the "familiar" school they have no sympathy, but bid "Worcester get him gone" with the true thunder-tone of privilege and Divine right. After the play the National Anthem was sung. Messrs. Brongh and Halliday's farce of "An April Fool" now occupies the position in the playbill of *lever de rideau*.

On the same evening that Drury opened the ADELPHI closed the season, as usual terminating with a performance for the benefit of Mr. Webster. After "Stephen Digges," Mr. Planché's elegant comedietta of "Who's Your Friend?" was revived—Mr. Webster appearing in his original character of Giles Fairland, and acting with his customary fidelity and effect. The comedietta over and Mr. Webster called for, he made a speech, which was enthusiastically applauded, as, indeed, all extemporaneous speeches are when made from the other side of the footlights; and Mr. Byron's burlesque of "The Babes in the Wood" concluded the entertainments. The Adelphi only closes for a week, for on Monday Mr. John Collins, "an Irish comedian and vocalist," makes his salamaa, which fact is the tremendous secret I hinted at so darkly in my "Lounger" of last week. Now, the secret and Mr. John Collins both are on every wall in the metropolis, and therefore off my mind.

Some few weeks ago I had the pleasure of congratulating the play-going public on the success of a new and original comedy—let me repeat the word *original*—at the St. James's. It is with great satisfaction I now record the production of a new and *original* drama at the STRAND, "Milky White" is from the pen of Mr.

Craven, the author of "The Post-boy" and "The Chimney-corner," and should, to do proper justice to its peculiarity of construction and treatment, be seen a second time and criticised with considerable care and judgment. I propose, therefore, to consider the subject thoroughly in our next week's Impression, and for the present will content myself with a passing tribute to Mr. Craven's capital embodiment of his own creation, and to the merits and humour of Mr. James Stoye, a comedian new to the London public, though by no means a stranger to your Lounger.

Miss Bateman has been performing in her favourite character of Leah in Liverpool; and that she has made a profound impression of that great commercial community is evidenced by the lengthy and minute criticism and hearty applause of the local papers. The *Daily Post* says:—

It were superfluous to say that Miss Bateman had a brilliant reception. Of that any artist coming from London with such a reputation as hers might be perfectly certain. It is more to the purpose to analyse, so far as we may without presumption, the feeling which her importance excited. The Theatre Royal audience knew by report that a great artiste was before them, and, even in the quietude and singularity of the first three acts, detected the qualities of genius. At the same time it is undoubtedly the fact that a feeling of surprise mingled with the admiration which Miss Bateman's statuesque attitudes and her singularly affecting delivery excite. Her acting in the first three acts is wholly different to everything one has seen before. A little of the peculiarity may be attributed to a slight remnant of American accent, and a little probably to some indebtedness to a great French model; but the peculiarity of these quietly-spoken speeches, like the strength of Miss Bateman's perfectly reposed attitudes, lies mainly in a deliberately-selected principle of acting, as far removed as possible from the received stage practice, and manifesting immense confidence in the genuineness of her power, as well as much originality in the manifestation of it. So far as the reservation of power till the fourth act is concerned, Miss Bateman is not singular. Macready did it; Phelps does it; Booth does it; Ristori does it. All these artistes, and others are notorious for what might be called tameness in the earlier acts; and their admirers consider that this habit gives additional power and, if we may use the word, culmination to the later acts, and communicates to the whole performance a oneness and unity which much increases its value and more than counterbalances the somewhat ineffective rendering of the former acts. Miss Bateman differs from all other performers, however, because, while her first acts are quiet, they could not, even by the most discontented critic, be charged even with a degree of tameness. She is undoubtedly the finest example yet known on the English stage of perfect repose combined with unlimited intensity.

THE INVOLVABILITY OF CONVICTION.

REFERENCE was made by "The Lounger" last week to the terms in which Sir J. F. W. Herschel had declined to sign a certain "Declaration" sent to him, with a long list of names appended, including those of Sir David Brewster, Sir H. C. Rawlinson, and Dr. Henry D. Rogers; but it would be doing injustice to the question involved, as well as to the magnificent protest of Sir J. F. W. Herschel, to omit quoting every word of the document itself, which is as follows:—

Collingwood, Sept. 6, 1864.

Sir.—I received, some time ago, a declaration for signature, identical in its wording, or, at all events, in its obvious purport, with that you have sent me. I considered that the better course was to put it aside without notice. But, since it is pressed upon me, and to prevent the repetition of a similar appeal, it becomes necessary for me distinctly to decline signing it, and to declare that I consider the act of calling on me publicly to avow or disavow, to approve or disapprove, in writing, any religious doctrine or statement, however carefully or cautiously drawn up (in other words, to append my name to a religious manifesto), to be an infringement of that social *forbearance* which guards the freedom of religious opinion in this country with special sanctity.

At the same time, I protest against my refusal to sign your "Declaration" being construed into a profession of Atheism or infidelity. My sentiments on the mutual relations of Scripture and Science have long been before the world, and I see no reason to alter or to add to them. But I consider this movement simply mischievous, having a direct tendency (by putting forward a new Shabbeth, a new verbal test of religious partisanship) to add a fresh element of discord to the already too discordant relations of the Christian world.

I do not deny that care and caution are apparent on the face of the document I am called on to subscribe. But no nicely of wording, no *artifice* of human language, will suffice to discriminate the hundredth part of the shades of meaning in which the most world-wide differences of thought on such subjects may be involved, or prevent the most gently worded and apparently justifiable expressions of regret, so embodied, from grating on the feelings of thousands of estimable and well-intentioned men with all the harshness of controversial hostility.—I am Sir, your obedient servant,

J. F. W. HERSCHEL.

A protest like this should be held sacred and taught to one's children. We beg our readers to *study* it as well as look at it, and to observe what is *not* said as well as what is said. [The italics are our own.]

Let it be noted that this protest concerns everyone who has a belief of any kind whatever—every one without exception, from the Extreme Right to the Extreme Left. We are all ready to cry out against "interference" when our turn comes and no one can tell whose turn it may be to-morrow. The man, then, who lifts with a strong hand a shield for freedom of conscience is a benefactor to every man, woman, and child between the poles, born or to be born, now and for ever.

PRESIDENT LINCOLN ON WAR POLICY.—The Grant county (Wisconsin) *Herald* publishes a letter from Judge Mills giving an account of a recent interview with Mr. Lincoln, with a report of the remarks of the latter in regard to the consequences which would follow the adoption of the war policy urged by the friends of General McClellan. We give the President's expressed views, omitting the preliminary account of the interview:—"I don't think it is personal vanity or ambition, though I am not free from these infirmities, but I cannot but feel that the weal or woe of this great nation will be decided in November. There is no programme offered by any wing of the Democratic party but must result in the permanent destruction of the Union." "But, Mr. President, General McClellan is in favour of crushing out the rebellion by force. He will be the Chicago candidate." "Sir," said the President, "the slightest knowledge of arithmetic will prove to any man that the rebel armies cannot be destroyed by Democratic strategy. It would sacrifice all the white men of the North to do it. There are now in the service of the United States near 200,000 able-bodied coloured men, most of them under arms, defending and acquiring Union territory. The Democratic strategy demands that these forces be disbanded, and that the masters be conciliated by restoring them to slavery. The black men who now assist Union prisoners to escape are to be converted into our enemies in the vain hope of gaining the good-will of their masters. We shall have to fight two nations instead of one. You cannot conciliate the South if you guarantee to them ultimate success; and the experience of the present war proves their success is inevitable if you fling the compulsory labour of millions of black men into their side of the scale. Will you give our enemies such military advantages as ensure success, and then depend on coaxing, flattery, and concession to get them back into the Union? Abandon all the posts now garrisoned by black men, take 200,000 men from our side and put them in the battle-field or corn-field against us, and we would be compelled to abandon the war in three weeks. We have to hold territory in inclement and sickly places; where are the Democrats to do this? It was a free fight, and the field was open to the War Democrats to put down this rebellion by fighting against both master and slave long before the present policy was inaugurated. There have been men base enough to propose to me to return to slavery the black warriors of Port Hudson and Olustee, and thus win the respect of the masters they fought. Should I do so, I should deserve to be damned in time and eternity. Come what will, I will keep my faith with friend and foe. My enemies pretend I am President, it shall be carried on for the sole purpose of restoring the Union. But no human power can subdue this rebellion without the use of the emancipation policy, and every other policy calculated to weaken the moral and physical forces of the rebellion. Freedom has given us 200,000 men raised on Southern soil. It will give us more yet. Just so much it has subtracted from the enemy; and, instead of alienating the South, there are now evidences of a fraternal feeling growing up between our men and the rank and file of the rebel soldiers. Let my enemies prove to the country I will abide the issue."

ATROCIOUS MURDER.—An atrocious murder was committed at Chadwell Heath, near Romford, on Saturday. A woman named Francis Wane, a man of irregular occupation. She had left him, however, and Blunt was about to be married to another man. On Saturday the father of the man to whom she was going to be married found her dead, with her throat cut. It was stated by the medical man who was called in that she had been murdered, and suspicion fell upon Wane. Pursuit was made, and a man answering his description was captured with bloodstains on his clothes. He was brought up at the Ilford Petty Sessions and remanded; and a Coroner's jury have returned a verdict of "Wilful murder" against him.

OUR FEUILLETON.

ABOUT DUELING.

I. THE DUEL IN THE MIDDLE AGES.

Pozzo, a celebrated Italian writer on the history and philosophy of laws, traces the custom of duelling back to the earliest times. He tells us that the first duel on record is that which took place, in the fourth century before the flood, between Cain and Abel; and we may here state that we quite agree with Pozzo in regarding Cain as the father and patron of all duellists. But, though duelling is undoubtedly a branch of murder, it is the politest and most humane form of assassination known. It is less brutal, if less noble, than legitimate warfare, which, though never engaged in by the actual combatants for the healing of wounded vanity or the avengement of any mere personal wrong, frequently entails such acts of ferocity as can scarcely take place in combats fought under the direction and control of seconds. Perhaps, if severely analysed, the duel would be found for the most part to be something between assassination and suicide; while some celebrated encounters of the kind may be classed distinctly under the head of assassination or of suicide "pure and simple." An experienced swordsman meeting an antagonist wholly ignorant of the use of arms and deliberately killing him, is evidently a murderer; and a man who, like Lermontoff, the Russian poet, accepts a duel, "*à l'outrance*," and receives his antagonist's fire without attempting to make use of his own pistol, dies by his own act quite as much as one who throws himself beneath the wheels of a carriage and is crushed. The defenders of the duel, however, lay great stress on the absence of hatred or ill-feeling of any kind between the combatants; and one advocate—a Spanish writer of the seventeenth century—declares that to fulfil all the conditions of a really first-class duel it is essential that the parties should not only not hate one another, but that they should love and esteem one another, and have no object of the slightest importance dependent on the issue of the contest. Damon running Pythias through the heart in consequence of an informal salute, or Pythias cleaving Damon's skull by reason of some neglected rule of precedence, would afford excellent examples of the transcendent duel as imagined by the Spaniard. The modern rule appears to be that duels atone for insults but not for injuries. M. Stendhal puts this well when he observes that if an acquaintance upsets a table on your foot and breaks your toes, you must endeavour to smile in answer to his apology; but that if he raises his hand with a gesture of menace, you must have his blood. In spite of Pozzo, it appears to us that the ancients had no idea of the duel as understood and practised by the moderns. The heroic ages present, however, instances of single combats—such as those between Turnus and Eneas, Eteocles and Polynices, Achilles and Hector; in the Bible we have the fight between David and Goliah; and the Greek and Roman histories are full of personal encounters between individuals. But these duels of antiquity were so many battles with a single individual instead of an army on each side; each combatant wished to kill his antagonist, and aimed at nothing less; such things as apologies, retraction, and the satisfaction of honour by the mere drawing of blood, were not known nor thought of. The ancients seem never to have fought simply for the sake of exhibiting their courage: "*faire ses preuves*!" is an expression and an action which it was reserved for the modern French to invent. Nor does any disgrace appear to have been attached to the receiving of a blow. Lycurgus had his eye knocked out, and submitted to the injury with remarkable patience; and Themistocles was willing Euribiades should strike him, provided he would only listen.

The duel of the moderns is supposed to proceed directly from the judicial and other combats which took place among the barbarians of Germany, who, when they invaded the Roman empire, introduced their own savage manners and customs. The "sword of justice" is not mythological, but a genuine, historical weapon; and during the dark ages it was the great arbiter of all questions, as well between private individuals as between nations and tribes. In the old judicial duel the combat was not always confined to the contending parties; but might also take place between one of the principals and one of the "witnesses" (represented in the present day by the seconds) produced by the other. If the witness was beaten, he was considered as a perjurer, and his side lost the case. This decision, however, was not quite without appeal: the losing party had the right to nullify the judgment immediately by giving the lie to the judge at the moment of his pronouncing sentence. Then a new combat took place between the appellant and the judge himself. The magistrate, on his side, if he was not obeyed, could challenge the offender. In all cases the defeated champion was condemned to pay a heavy fine, and in criminal cases was burnt or hanged.

Without entering into details on the rules and formalities of the judicial duel, we may mention that not only kings, but parliaments, nobles, and even ecclesiastics, had, in certain cases, the right to command it. The famous duel, Carrouge and Legrie, in the fourteenth century, was fought by order of the Parliament. Unfortunately, at the termination of this combat it was discovered beyond doubt that the conquered man had never committed the crime of which he had been accused. Hence the discredit which was from time to time attached to such combats. The courts of justice ceased altogether to appoint judicial encounters, though the privilege continued to be exercised by kings.

One of the most remarkable duels mentioned in history is that which took place in 1547, in the reign of Henry II., between the Seigneurs de Jarnac and De la Chataigneraie. Guidi de Chabot, Lord of Jarnac, and Francois de Vivonne, Seigneur de La Chataigneraie, were two gentlemen of the Court of Francis I. Both were young, both handsome, brave and elegant. Each appeared to be drawn towards the other by sympathy, and, indeed, the friendship of the two most distinguished courtiers of the period had passed into a proverb.

"One day," says old Daudiguier, "the King and De la Chataigneraie, speaking of Jarnac, who lived very expensively, the latter said in jest that Jarnac owed his riches to his mother-in-law. 'Indeed,' cried the King, who was fond of scandal, 'how do you know that?' 'Know it,' replied La Chataigneraie, 'unless I am mistaken, he told me so himself.'

The King laughed very much, and the conversation went no further, but the next day what Chataigneraie had said began to spread, and although it was impossible to fix the indiscretion on any one in particular, the story somehow or other reached the ears of Jarnac's father.

As soon as he saw his son the old man told him in a severe voice to come to him.

"Guishot," he said (it was one of Jarnac's names), "is it true you told La Chataigneraie that your mother-in-law was in love with you?"

Jarnac turned as white as his collar; he could scarcely speak for rage.

"Who said that?" he exclaimed, at last. The old man then told his son everything. The indignation of Jarnac was beyond description; he went at once to the King, who confirmed his father's statement on every point.

"Well," cried Jarnac, "with all respect to your Majesty, allow me to say that La Chataigneraie lied."

Jarnac was brother-in-law of the Duchess D'Étamps. The King's favourite, La Chataigneraie, was in such excellent favour with the Dauphin that many of the courtiers were jealous and anxious to do him any injury. Accordingly, the fact of Jarnac having given him the lie in the presence of his Majesty was instantly turned to account, and La Chataigneraie was informed of it the same day. The latter lost no time in going to the King and asking permission to meet his former friend in single combat. But Francis I. would never consent to it. Unfortunately, Francis soon afterwards died. La Chataigneraie presented his petition to the Dauphin, now Henry II., and this time the desired permission was granted. The lists were

fixed at Saint Germain-en-Laye, and the champions had a month in which to prepare for the combat.

Jarnac, who according to the rules of the duel had the choice of arms, drew up a list of those which he required La Chataigneraie to provide and sent it to him by the herald of Angoulême.

"Vive Dieu!" cried La Chataigneraie, "it appears that Jarnac wishes to take my life and my purse at the same time."

The list was, in fact, a most astonishing document. It is published in the curious book of La Colombière, and comprised more than thirty kinds of arms, without counting horses, among which were steeds from Spain, Turkey, and Arabia, harnessed in a dozen different manners; "so that," says Brantôme, who was La Chataigneraie's nephew, "if my uncle had not been rich, and received assistance, moreover, from the King and from his friends, he would have been unable to support so great a burden."

When the day arrived the two champions went to Saint Germain. They were preceded by an infinite number of drums and trumpets, and followed each by more than three hundred gentlemen bearing their colours; those of La Chataigneraie being white and carnation, those of Jarnac white and black. The lists had been prepared close to the park, and scaffoldings had been erected for the reception of the King, the nobles, and all the ladies of the Court. A more magnificent assemblage was never seen.

The champions left their companies of attendants outside the camp, and entered alone with their "godfathers," or seconds. The examination and comparison of the arms lasted some time, and gave rise to a very animated discussion between the "godfathers." When the two champions were armed, they made oath that they maintained, the one his assertion the other his denial; after which, each retired to his tent. The "godfathers" embraced them, and the herald advanced to the centre of the camp and cried out three times that the valiant combatants were to meet.

"Then," says Daudiguier, "La Chataigneraie rushed from his tent with unequal steps, but at a furious pace. Jarnac, on the other hand, advanced coldly. The two champions struck several blows without result; but suddenly Jarnac, feigning to strike his enemy on the outside of his right leg, which he had put forward, changed the blow, and gave him such a deep cut in the calf that he fell instantly to the ground."

This cut, to which an infamous reputation is attached in the well-known expression, *Coup de Jarnac*, was not thought so badly of at the time. Indeed, it was very clever. Jarnac had learnt it during the month preceding the duel from an Italian fencing-master, named Caize. This person was so sure of his cut that, being present at the combat, he kept repeating to those around him as soon as it commenced that before long there would be a leg on the ground. It is said that at the moment of the blow being given it had been reported in Paris for the last three hours that La Chataigneraie had received a dangerous wound in the calf. In the meanwhile Jarnac, seeing his enemy on the ground, called out to him several times,

"Restore me my honour, which you would have destroyed, and before Heaven and his Majesty ask pardon for the offence you have committed. Restore me my honour."

La Chataigneraie tried to get up, but in vain. Then Jarnac went to the King and said,

"Sire, I give him to you. Take him, and let my honour be restored to me. Our youth has been the sole cause of all this."

Either because he had not heard, or from unwillingness to give a reply, the King remained perfectly silent. Jarnac went back to La Chataigneraie, and again begged him to acknowledge his fault. But the latter got up on one knee and made a rush at his adversary.

"Do not move! do not move! I beg of you, or I shall kill you," said Jarnac.

"Kill me, then," returned La Chataigneraie, "for I will never retract;" and he fell once more upon his side. Jarnac was deeply moved, and seemed to have put all resentment to one side and to think only of his former friendship. He went a second time to the King's tribune.

"Sire," he said, joining his hands, "I give him to you; take him, I beg of you, for the sake of your own love and friendship for him. It is enough to me that my honour be restored to me, and that I remain your servant. Thereupon, Sire, I beg you to take him." But the King turned his head a way without answering. Jarnac, in despair, went again to Le Chataigneraie, who was lying at full length on the ground. "Chataigneraie, my old comrade," he said, "remember that you are before God; let us be friends."

Everyone thought, then, that Jarnac was about to give him the finishing stroke. All eyes were fixed on the wounded man; anxiety and curiosity were depicted on every countenance; throughout the camp there was a deathlike silence.

At this moment La Chataigneraie made a movement. Jarnac, fearing he intended to resume his sword, which he had just let go, jerked it away with the point of his own; but he could not make up his mind to strike him. He returned a third time to the King.

"Sire," he said, "take him, since I give him to you. Take him, for the love of God, if otherwise you will not do so."

This scene affected the whole assembly. The silence of the King was the less intelligible from the fact that he had always shown the greatest affection for La Chataigneraie.

M. De Vendome now approached the King and said to him "Take him, Sire, since his life is in your hands, for if you do not accept him Jarnac will kill him, and will only be doing his duty."

Jarnac, not knowing what to do, could only cast a suppliant glance around, as if to solicit the intercession of the assembly; then, addressing a lady of the Court, supposed to have been Madame Marguerite, he exclaimed, in a tone of despair,

"Alas, Madam! you always told me so."

These words were never explained. At last the King seemed to be moved.

"Jarnac," he said, "you give him to me, then?" Jarnac turned towards the King and fell on his knees. "Yes, Sire," he said, "I give him to you for the love of Heaven and for yourself."

"Well, I accept him," said Henry. "You have fought like Caesar and spoken like Aristotle. Your honour is restored to you." Then, addressing the constable, he ordered him to have La Chataigneraie removed, which was accordingly done by the heralds and four gentlemen of La Chataigneraie's company.

But it was too late. He had lost so much blood that it was impossible to restore him; and, resolved not to survive his defeat, he tore away the bandages that the surgeons had placed over his wound. During all this time Jarnac's mother-in-law was shut up at St. Cloud, awaiting in mourning and with prayers the issue of the struggle. When she heard of her son-in-law's victory her joy was so great that she hurried without a moment's delay to Notre Dame, and suspended from the ceiling the arms by which he had regained his honour.

This affair caused great noise, and excited general repugnance for combat of the kind, and gradually the judicial duel fell into thorough disrepute.

Strangely enough, the last instance of the judicial duel being claimed occurred in England in 1817.

A person named Thornton had been tried at London for the murder of a young girl and acquitted by the jury; upon this the brother, as next of kin, appealed to the King's Bench, and claimed to meet the alleged assassin in single combat. The astonishment of the Judges may be imagined; but, as the brother persisted in his demand, the law was consulted, and it was found that, although fallen into disuse, it had never formally been repealed. We need hardly add, however, that the duel did not take place.

In the other countries of Europe the judicial combat was abolished by the Council of Trent, but in spite of that the Italians did not give up their custom of duelling. Their most learned jurisconsults Baldo, Bertolo, Muteo, Pozzo, and others had taken the greatest pains to show that it was indispensably necessary, and had regulated its conditions with the greatest care. The duel, then, in point of fact, was not abolished, though after the Council of Trent it underwent a notable alteration. "The last time I was at Milan," says Brantôme, "I remained there a month; as much to see the town, which is one of the most agreeable in Italy, as to learn fencing from the great Tappe, an excellent fencer; but I swear that all the time I

was there not a day passed but a score of duels were fought by men who quarrelled, met in the street, drew their swords, and killed one another so much that quantities of them were to be seen stretched out on the pavement. And numbers of persons would rush out of the shops with swords to separate them, and often lost their lives in the attempt. Then," continues Brantôme, "a new kind of duel was introduced at Naples, which was fought secretly by previous arrangement and with seconds outside the town among the hedges, whence came the expression, *combattre à la mazza*."

This kind of combat, it is true, incurred the disapprobation of the adepts in duelling; for although seconds were present to see fair play, and thus take the place of the ancient judges, numerous abuses were committed. But the duel belonged so thoroughly to Italian manners that it could not but exist in some shape or another. This duel à la mazza gradually spread all over Europe, and is the same in all respects as the duel which exists on the Continent at the present day.

(To be continued.)

A YEAR'S COURTSHIP.

BY HENRY TIMROD.

I SAW her, Harry, first, in March—
You know the street that leadeth down
By the old bridge's crumbling arch?—
Just where it leaves the dusty town

A lonely house stands grim and dark—
You've seen it; then I need not say
How quaint the place is—did you mark
An ivied window? Well! one day,

I, chasing some forgotten dream,
And in post's sliest mood,
Caught, as I passed, a white hand's gleam—
A shutter opened—there she stood

Training the ivy to its prop.
Two dark eyes and a brow of snow
Flashed down upon me—did I stop?—
She says I did—I do not know.

But all that day did something glow
Just where the heart beats; frail and slight,
A germ had slipped its shell, and now
Was pushing softly for the light.

And April saw me at her feet.
Dear month of sunshine and of rain!
My very fears were sometimes sweet,
And hope was often touched with pain.

For she was frank, and she was coy—
A wilful April in her ways;
And in a dream of doubtful joy
I passed some truly April days.

May came, and on that arch, sweet mouth,
The smile was graver in its play,
And, softening with the softening South,
My April melted into May.

She loved me, yet my heart would doubt,
And ero I spoke the month was June—
One warm still night we wandered out
To watch a slowly setting moon.

Something which I saw not—my eyes
Were not on heaven—a star perchance,
Or some bright drapery of the skies,
Had caught her earnest, upward glance.

And as she paused—Hal! we have played
Upon the very spot—a fir
Just touched me with its dreamy shade,
But the full moonlight fell on her.

And as she paused—I know not why—
I longed to speak, yet could not speak;
The bashful are the boldest—I—
I stooped and gently kissed her cheek.

A murmur (else some fragrant air
Stirred softly) and the faintest start—
O Hal! we were the happiest pair!
O Hal! I clasped her heart to heart!

And kissed away some tears that gushed;
But how she trembled, timid dove,
When my soul broke its silence, flushed
With a whole burning June of love.

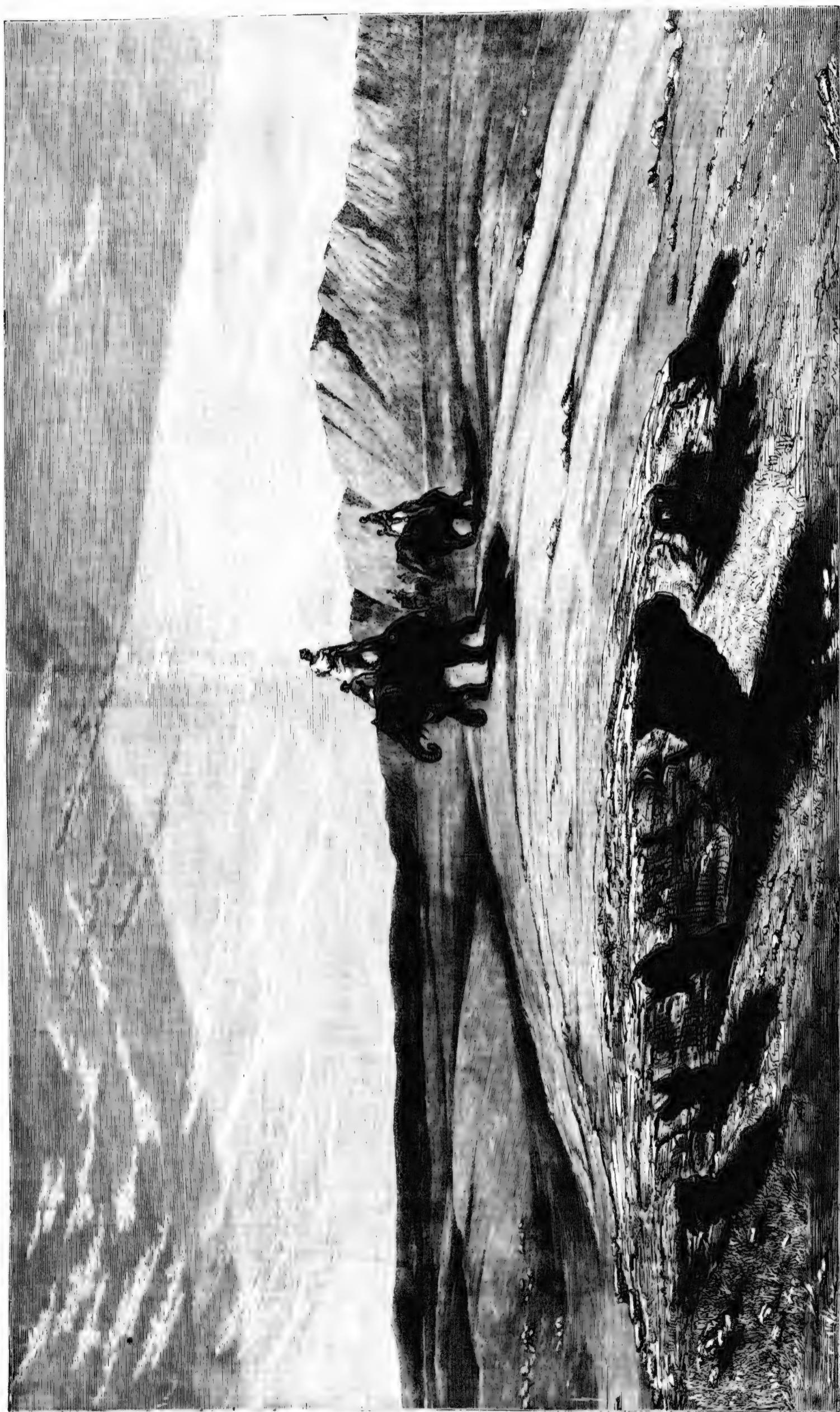
Since then a happy year hath sped
Through months that seemed all June and May,
And soon a March sun, overhead,
Will usher in the crowning day.

Twelve blessed moons that seemed to glow
All summer, Hal!—my peerless Kate!
She is the dearest—"Angel?"—no!
Thank God!—but you shall see her—wait.

So, all is told! I count on thee
To see the priest, Hal! Pass the wine!
Here's to my darling wife to be!
And here's to—when thou find'st her—thine!

EXHIBITION OF 1862.—One of the great features of the building—the brick arches—disappeared on Saturday last. A party of Royal Engineers, from the Royal Engineers' establishment at Chatham, has been employed for the last few days in lodging charges of powder to demolish the large arch which supported the eastern gable-end of the nave of the International Exhibition building. The arch is of brickwork, in Portland cement, semi-circular in form. The span is 59 ft. It was built on three bands, each about 2 ft. 6 in. deep, so that the total depth of the arch was 7 ft. 6 in., the width of the top band being 6 ft. and that of the lower one 3 ft. To have demolished this arch in the ordinary way would have necessitated the use of extensive scaffolding, and would have involved a considerable amount of labour. It was therefore suggested that it would form a good experiment for the Royal Engineers. Mr. Freake, who has bought the material of the building, and is pulling it down, willingly agreed to the proposal, and on Monday afternoon the sappers commenced work by boring four holes in each haunch of the arch to receive small charges of powder. This method was adopted as being safer than the more expeditious plan of using a single large charge at each haunch, which would probably have caused some of the bricks to fly in a dangerous way. The total amount of powder used was 191b. Half-past twelve on Saturday last having been fixed upon as the time for the explosion, and the part of the Exhibition-road in front of the arch having been cleared by the police in case of accident, the officer in charge of the party fired the charges simultaneously by means of an electric machine. The effect was very satisfactory, the haunches of the arch were broken and slightly pushed out, the crown opened, and the parts fell together, separating into several pieces in their fall. The remaining arch will probably be blown up next Saturday afternoon.

WHERE THE PETER'S PENCE GO.—A letter from Rome of the 20th contains the subjoined:—"The solemn ceremony of the beatification of Marguerite-Marie Alacoque, a nun of the Order of the Visitation, took place the day before yesterday. In the morning, the cardinals of the congregation of the rite assembled at the basilica of the Vatican, which was richly decorated and illuminated for the occasion. The brief of the beatification was read in presence of the clergy, a large number of nuns of the order, and an immense multitude of the public. The image of the blessed Maria Alacoque, placed on the chair of St. Peter, was then uncovered, and a Te Deum was sung, while the ringing of bells and the firing of artillery from the castle of St. Angelo announced the event to the population. The basilica was lighted with 4000 wax-lights and 200 tapers. Six pictures painted for the occasion, and representing the principal events in the life of Maria Alacoque, with the miracles approved of for her beatification, were exhibited. At five in the evening the Holy Father came to the basilica to adore the blessed object of veneration, and the cardinals did the same. An immense crowd of persons flocked to St. Peter's in the evening. The expenses occasioned by this solemnity amounted to 60,000 francs."



"CROSSING THE GREAT AFRICAN DESERT."—(FROM A PICTURE BY H. MARTIN)

CROSSING THE DESERT.—The interest which has within the last few years been awakened in all that relates to African exploration and discovery has lately been sustained by the triumph which crowned the adventurous expedition of Captain Speke and Grant, and by the further discoveries of Dr. Livingstone in his second less successful journey to the Zambesi. During the recent meetings of the British Association our African explorers have given narratives of their experiences which have met with universal attention; but, amidst all the enthusiasm that might otherwise have been more demonstrative, a great calamity has occurred

which might well serve to check the general satisfaction. The latest and most successful discoverer—the man who met with an honoured reception, though with no substantial or titular reward in England, and sat to dinner on the right hand of Majesty in France—has met with death far away from all the dangers which have menaced him in African jungles or amidst the savage peoples of desert life. He, who was spared upon the arid plains or amidst the fierce villages of Africa, fell, shot with his own fowling-piece, by a simple accident in crossing an English field. The work, commenced by Richard Burton—who met death in the midst of his journeys—was carried on by Earth in that portion of such a journey, when they are most trifual are often least records of such a journey, when they are most trifual are often least

romantic and charming, for the jounal of the voyager is too often but the record of days of monotonous waiting in dirty African villages, or scarcely less wearisome progress over desert wastes or across miles of scrubby undergrowth, unrelieved by any landscape serving to break the lurid glare of the copper sky or the bare, blank extent of arid land baked into fissures under the terrible heat. Perhaps the most interesting portion of Captain Speke's narrative is the account of two most perilous attempts to penetrate the country of the Somali. This is a large territory, of the shape of an irregular triangle, of which the vertex lies nearly on the equator and the base coincides with the southern coast of the Gulf of

Aden. Of the interior, a part consists of a rich grain-producing red soil, entirely devoid of stones, and with water near the surface; and there are also large grassy prairies abounding in game and cattle. But no European has hitherto been able to explore these favoured regions, access to which is entirely barred by the jealous savage tribes of the coast, of which the most important are Somali—a mixed race (Captain Speke calls them "Ham-Shemites") which seem to unite the cunning of the Arab with the impulsiveness of the negro. In many respects they resemble the Kabyle population of Northern Africa. They are divided into clans, each under a petty chief, and carry on continual feuds with one another.

The power of abstinence amongst these people, and even amongst the animals they use, is very extraordinary. Captain Speke saw a Somali, who was half starved by long fasting, and with his stomach pinched in, sit down to a large skinful of milk and not draw breath until the whole was swallowed, his stomach in the mean time visibly swelling in exact proportion to the diminished size of the skin. The power of enduring thirst is extended to the lower animals. Camels are in an ordinary way watered by the Somali only twice a month, sheep every fourth day, and ponies once in two days. Even when water is plentiful the people object to make a free use of it for their animals, lest these should lose their hardihood.

The skill with which those savages take advantage of the peculiarities of the game they pursue is very curious. The little antelopes of the country present too small a mark for their skill in archery to hit. But these creatures cannot endure the heat of the midday sun. Accordingly, the Somali hunter watches one of them down to his lair under some tree by the side of a watercourse, and rouses him up. The animal trots off to the nearest shady bush, and is followed by his persecutor in a leisurely manner, but so unintermittently as to prevent any rest. In the course of an hour or so the antelope, rushing about from bush to bush in terror and suffering, becomes completely exhausted and is captured. Ostriches are also tired down by the Somali hunter mounted on one of his slow but hardy and enduring ponies. He provides himself with provisions for two or three days, and shows himself at a distance to a flock of the birds, without scaring them, but still inducing them to move off; and he follows them just within sight till night sets in. The ostrich is so blind that it cannot feed in the dark; and the hunter profits by this circumstance to dismount,



AN AMAZON OF THE KING OF DAHOMEY'S ARMY.

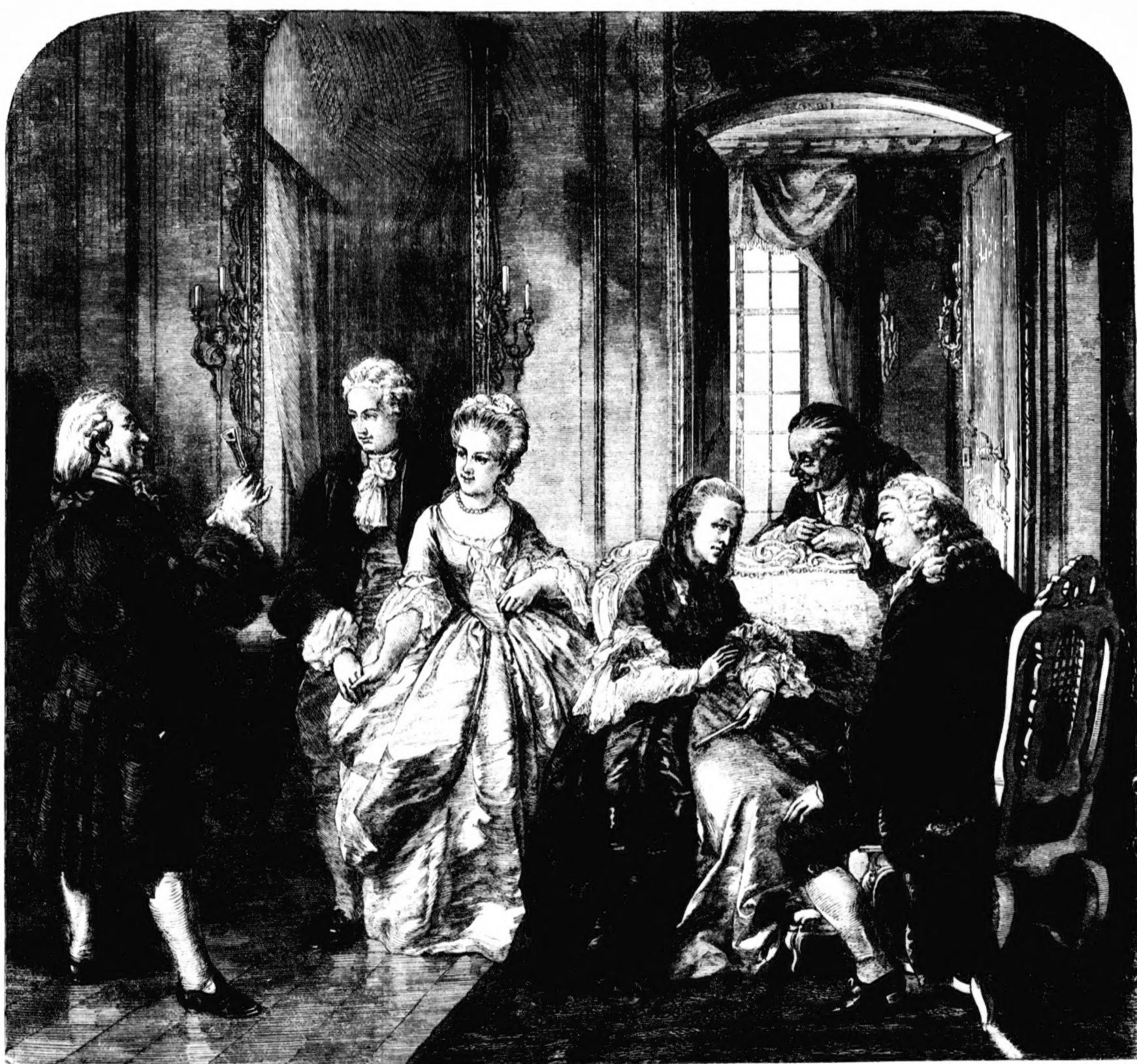
feed his pony, and rest himself, resuming his pursuit with the first dawn of day. At the end of the second or third day he and the pony are as fresh as ever; but the poor ostriches are ready to drop from inanition, and their pursuer rides in among them and knocks them down one by one. Gazelles, too, in spite of their fleetness, are hunted down on the ponies of the country in the open plain. They have a tendency, whatever the direction in which they may be going, to head across their pursuers; and the Somali, taking advantage of this habit, direct their course towards the leading gazelle, and thus induce the whole herd to describe a much larger circumference of ground than they themselves traverse. When these superfluous exertions of speed have at last thoroughly fatigued the animals the hunters ride in upon them and kill them in detail.

It is on the Zambesi and the route to Lake Ngami, however, that the elephant is amongst the animals of chase and at the same time is used as a beast of burden. It was at the former place that Dr. Livingstone saw one of these enormous brutes whose ear flaps measured 4 ft. across and 4 ft. 5 in. in height; and it was here that he saw a native, during a rain-storm, find complete shelter under one of the ears of his elephant.

Very wild and strange is the spectacle of a party of native African travellers crossing the desert tract on these enormous animals, which, although they are not equal to the camel in the matter of abstinence, travel at a very rapid rate, and are invaluable for their enormous strength as beasts of burden. Our Engraving represents such a party as that of which we have been speaking, in their journey during the hours when it is possible to travel in Africa.

"THE BETROTHAL."

It is a curious fact that any fashion in dress, though it be utterly at variance with good taste, looks well and is considered elegant, as long as it continues to be the prevailing mode of the day. Even the few who at first think otherwise are speedily converted, and end by admiring to-day that which they condemned yesterday. But no sooner is this same fashion superseded by another than its admirers change their opinion, and are at a loss to conceive how they could ever have viewed it with approval. After a certain lapse of time, however, an exploded style of dress becomes historical,



"THE BETROTHAL."—(FROM A PAINTING BY O. T. ERDMANN, OF DUSSELDORF.)

and is thereby invested with the interest attached to all that relates to the customs and manners of a bygone age.

The fashion of pigtails is of no very remote date (for it was not quite obsolete at the commencement of the present century), but still it is sufficiently old to be to the present generation merely matter of tradition. Bagwigs and pigtails, together with all the formal costume of the eighteenth century, have now become historical, and consequently, are considered to be lawfully admissible into the domain of art. In Germany, at the present time, there prevails among artists, dramatists, and actors, a sort of rage for portraying and representing costumes and manners of the last century, but cautiously divested of the touch of caricature which usually adheres to antiquated elegance when at variance with modern taste.

That these materials afford scope for able artistic development is exemplified in the picture from which our Engraving is copied. It represents a scene in the domestic life of a German family of good position about a century ago. The party have assembled to witness the official betrothal of the young daughter of a widowed mother. Only the bridegroom and his father, the bride's uncle, and an old friend of the family are present. The bride's mother, thoughful, and with the air of languor which in her time was the stamp of ladylike breeding, is seated on her rich brocade-covered causeuse. Opposite to her, on a high-backed chair, sits the bridegroom's father, looking supremely happy, and apparently addressing some gallant compliment to the old lady. Over the back of the causeuse leans the old friend of the family, whose gratified feelings are sufficiently expressed in his countenance.

In the centre of the picture are the young couple, the bridegroom's arm thrown gently round the bride's slender waist—so gently and so tenderly, that he seems to touch her only with the tips of his fingers. The bride's uncle has risen from his seat and stands in front of the betrothed couple. He may be presumed to be an old bachelor, though still young at heart and young in spirits. He has prepared a congratulatory address suited to the occasion, and seasoned with jests after his own peculiar taste. With glass in hand, he seems to be wishing health and happiness to the bride and bridegroom, and extending the same kind wishes to every member of the family—those now living, as well as those yet unborn.

A boy, the young brother of the bride, has slipped up to the table unobserved and has helped himself to some of the good things within his reach. Holding a glass of wine with both hands, he is hastily swallowing its contents, whilst at the same time he casts a side glance at the speechifying uncle. Of course all the company are dressed in the best style—frizzed and powdered in accordance with the fashion of the day. Powdered hair, it must be confessed, heightens the fresh glow of the complexion, and at the period when it was in general use, if it seemed to cover every head with the snowy hue of age, it at the same time created the semblance of universal youth.

The painter of this picture, Otto Erdmann, of Dusseldorf, has ably depicted the peculiarities of the formal dress and manners of the time without rendering them in the least degree ludicrous; and, though a delicate vein of humour pervades the picture, there is no approach to caricature.

Erdmann, who is one of the youngest members of the Dusseldorf school, was born at Leipzig in the year 1831. After having pursued his early studies in his native city he attended the Academies of Dresden and Munich. In the year 1858 he removed to Dusseldorf, where he still is. He has devoted himself exclusively to painting cabinet pictures, and three of his works have obtained well-deserved admiration. One is that represented by our Engraving, another is called "The Bridegroom's Reception," and the third "Blindman's Buff." This last-mentioned picture was purchased by the Corporation of Leipzig, and presented to the museum of that city. "The Bridegroom's Reception" and "The Betrothal" have both gone to North America.

OPERA, CONCERTS, AND NEW MUSIC.

OUR readers are already aware that the promenade concerts now taking place at Covent Garden and at Her Majesty's Theatre are to be succeeded at both establishments by performances of English opera.

The first season of the opera company is now formally announced to begin on the 15th of the month. Mr. Macfarren's "Hellewin," instead of being produced on the opening night, as originally intended, will be kept back until the 25th. It will be followed, in November, by Mr. J. L. Hatton's new opera, and other works are promised in the course of the season by Messrs. Gounod, Benedict, Henry Leslie, Frederic Clay, and Felicien David. "Masaniello" will be performed on the opening night, with Mr. Gye's scenery and costumes.

Engagements have been concluded with Mme. Lemmens-Sherington, Mme. Fanny Huddart, Mme. Weiss, Miss Poole, Miss Martorelle, Mrs. Aynsley Cook, Miss Florella Illingworth (who appears for the first time), and Mme. Parepa. The principal tenor will be Mr. Charles Adams, from the Berlin Opera. The services of Mr. Henry Haigh, Mr. George Perren, and other tenors, unknown to us even by name, have also been secured. Mr. Corri, Mr. Weiss, Mr. Alberto Lawrence, and Mr. Patey will be the baritones and basses. The orchestra and chorus, those of the Royal Italian Opera; conductor, Mr. Alfred Mellon; stage-manager, Mr. Augustus Harris.

Miss Pyne and Mr. Harrison, who have taken Her Majesty's Theatre from the middle of October, have not yet issued their programme. It is known, however, that, among other vocalists, they have engaged Mr. Sims Reeves.

All the music of M. Gounod's "Mirella" has been published, in every form in which it was possible to present it, by Messrs. Boosey. This charming musical idyll abounds in melodies which could not fail to tempt the arrangers, many of whom can no more invent melodies for themselves than cooks can invent the materials with which they have to deal. The musical cooks, however, have their materials supplied to them not by any means in a raw state, but fully prepared both for theatrical and domestic use. All, then, that these purveyors (as they may more properly be called) are required to do, is to cut the operatic joint supplied by M. Gounod into pieces of various dimensions, and serve them out to the public. Many of them, however, not content to perform the work of mere carvers, serve up their operatic slices in the form of made dishes. Sometimes the original *morceau* is so diluted with variations as to be rendered quite tasteless, or its flavour is destroyed by the addition of inappropriate accompaniments, or the plentiful sauce of the arranger injures it in some other manner. "Mirella," however, has fallen into the hands of good carvers and of cooks of taste, and we can confidently recommend to the public the principal pieces *au naturel* by Mr. W. H. Calcott, as well as the "fantasia" à la Kuhe, the "souvenir" à la Rosellen, the "bouquet de mélodies" à la Nordman, &c. Quadrilles and waltzes cooked up from odds and ends may also be had, and they are served up hot every night wherever dancing takes place.

The complete work is sold at sixteen shillings; the pianoforte arrangement of the same at ten shillings.

REDUCTION OF POSTAGE ON LETTERS FOR THE NETHERLANDS.—A new postal convention having been concluded with the Netherlands, which came into operation on the 1st inst. (this day), the following alteration in the rates of postage on letters between the United Kingdom and the Netherlands, via Belgium, will take place on and from that date. When prepaid, letters will be chargeable as follows:—Not exceeding $\frac{1}{2}$ oz., 3d.; above $\frac{1}{2}$ oz. and not exceeding 1 oz., 6d.; above 1 oz. and not exceeding $\frac{1}{2}$ oz., 9d.; above $\frac{1}{2}$ oz. and not exceeding 2 oz., 1s.; and so on, adding one rate for each additional half ounce, or fraction of half an ounce. When posted unpaid, letters will be charged, on delivery, with one additional rate of 6d. each. These rates comprise both the British and foreign charges.

LORD BROUHAM.—Mr. Joseph Wilkinson, of Bonscale, Ullswater, a veteran politician, who formerly took great interest in the election contests of Lord Brougham in Westmorland, has just erected a stone pillar upon the mountain called Halle, in commemoration of the eighty-sixth birthday of the noble and venerable Peer. The mountain on which the memorial stands commands a beautiful view of the Lake of Ullswater and its surroundings. The pillar is twelve feet high, and is conspicuous enough to be seen from Cross Fell with the aid of a good glass.

ILLUSTRATED TIMES

Literature.

A Mission to Gelele, King of Dahome. With Notices of the so-called Amazons, the Customs, the Sacrifices, &c. By RICHARD F. BURTON. 2 vols. Tinsley Brothers.

Captain Burton is so experienced as a traveller and bookmaker, that, with him, a two months' campaign is more rich in results than a whole year's might be from another man. Thus, although his stay in Dahome was brief—whilst it afforded ample time for much discomfort and annoyance—we are inclined to take all that he says for granted, and to thank him for saying it. At the same time, it is impossible not to wonder how between eight and nine hundred large pages can be derived from material which was so rapidly collected. Captain Burton has a faculty analogous to that of Wiljala Frikell, who flourishes a handkerchief, and straightway the stage is strewn knee-deep in ostrich feathers. Or he could produce a thousand drinking-cups from the same borrowed hat. But there is a great difference between the two performers. The conjuror's performance is a mere trick—valueless amusement; whereas Captain Burton's feathers are interesting facts, and his thousand drinking-cups are always full to the brim with something refreshing and worth having. However, it will not do to be always reading Captain Burton, who writes books of a length suitable enough to the patriarchs of old, but quite incompatible with our modern-day limit of three score and ten years. "We have," indeed, as the comedian says, "much to be thankful for."

If Earl Russell has been rapped on the knuckles by the Emperor Napoleon, German diplomats, and even by Danes, he has received nothing less than heavy-fisted thuds from Gelele, King of Dahome. It is a narrative of a fruitless mission which claims attention. Almost two years since Commodore Wilmot paid a visit to his Majesty's dominions, and gave a nicely-coloured report, which certainly went far to destroy the unfavourable opinion of the country which existed here. The King was courteous and seemed to fall in with the Commodore's views concerning a few native practices against which the English have long set their innocent faces. Above all, he wanted English merchants to settle and trade at Whydah, a town on the coast, and in a great measure Christianised, and offered to help to repair the old English fort there, and to permit it to be garrisoned by English troops. The suggestion was irresistible. Doubtless, Lord Russell immediately saw that Whydah had been shamefully neglected—that Whydah had just as much right as every other spot out of Europe, or in it, to a fair share of English merchants and English troops, and that without those precious articles Whydah had been unnaturally diverted from her natural channel. The result was certain despatches from the Earl to Captain Richard F. Burton, H.B.M.'s Consul for the Bight of Biafra, instructing him to proceed on a mission to the King of Dahome, and generally to "talk him over" and make him cheap presents. Having been intensely successful with "civil and religious liberty" at home, Earl Russell determined to "put a stop" to certain civil and religious liberties abroad. Therefore the Captain was instructed to "prevail" upon the King to "put a stop entirely to the barbarous practice" of the human sacrifices at the "King's customs;" to make him give up slave-trading; to make him release some Christian prisoners; and to impress upon him that he will make more money by selling palm-oil, ivory, and cotton than by selling slaves, &c. All this is very proper and humane; and, doubtless, if things went well, a few years might see us masters of the province, or, at all events, land us safely in the midst of a filthy and inglorious war. But it is not to be. The King is evidently quite unable to stop the sacrifices. It is the strongest bit of the whole Dahoman religion, and the people would no more be without it than the English would be inclined to abolish the Marriage and Burial Services. The King is evidently powerless. As for the slave trade, he gives us leave to stop it for ourselves; or, if he assists us, he will not allow our cruisers to overhaul his own boats on the coast—an arrangement which he doubtless knows well enough would give a fair impetus to the shipment of slaves. He explains that these slaves are not his own countrymen, but enemies taken in battle or great criminals, who would be sacrificed at the "customs" if not sold. Then it is proposed that if a British Resident be sent out he shall not be required to stay at the capital or the Court during the period of any sacrifices; but the King will not hear of that, although the same stipulation made for Captain Burton's stay appears to have been faithfully observed. Weeks and weeks passed before Captain Burton could obtain such answers, or rather evasions, as did finally appear; and he is now in England, convinced of the utter hopelessness of effecting any diplomatic arrangements with the Court of Dahome on terms compatible with dignity, or that would not be absolutely shocking to any Englishman gifted with common humanity. Lord Russell's appeal is treated by this royal savage with something akin to Bismarckian contempt; and the British presents excited indignation and ridicule. They consisted of "one forty-feet circular crimson silk damask tent, with pole complete; one richly-embossed silver pipe with amber mouthpiece, in morocco case; two richly-embossed silver belts, with lion and crane in raised relief, in morocco cases; two silver and partly-gilt waiters, in oak case; one coat of mail and gauntlets." Alas! these "pledges of affection" turned out no better than many others. The whole Court, including all the wives, took a whiff at the richly-embossed pipe, but his Majesty stuck to his well-worn clay. The tent was said to be too small, and Mr. Edgington had made all the apparatus hopelessly too clever, confused, and intricate. The belts should have been bracelets, and so forth; and, in fact, the only things that gave satisfaction were the two silver and partly-gilt waiters in oaken case. And, "the greatest is behind." Gelele had selected his presents from Commodore Wilmot, and especially wanted an English carriage and horses. But Lord Russell, with a stable mind for which Lord Derby would never give him credit, saw a difficulty in the way of shipping in face of the fact that the gallant prize-winner Buckstone went to China the other day, and fancied that the horses would not be able to stand the climate. Possibly so. Everybody knows that Consuls are fond of not being able to stand a climate; and everybody remembers how the list of Consuls has included a horse. By an amiable syllogism, therefore, Earl Russell was right; but, if so, he must have been wrong when he subsequently said that horses and carriage should sail o'er every sea and brave every danger, provided his Dahoman Majesty would accede to all his (Lord Russell's) desires. In fact, civil and religious liberty were to be exterminated in Dahome, and English horses might flourish or might fade, as happened to please Fortune.

So much for the real political mission. A tour of the country, arm in arm with Captain Burton, will prove most agreeable. He had just fallen in love with Fernando Po when he was called away on this fool's errand. His path lay on one of her Majesty's ships to Whydah, the coast town, half Europeanised and Christianised, and since nearly destroyed by fire. Thence by the half-way town to the capital Abome, and then all that failure which we have described. Taking the country generally, our remarks will apply to the capital, and not to the seaport; but there may be some insignificant clashing. After landing there were two or three days "landing rites," the natives being one of the most ceremonious people under the sun. A description of the natives will be useful:—

The modern Dahomans, I have said, are a mongrel breed and a bad.

They are Cretan liars, *cretins* at learning, cowardly, and therefore cruel and blood-thirsty; gamblers, and consequently cheaters; brutal, noisy, boisterous,

unvenerable and disobedient, dipses-bitten things, who deem it a "duty to

the gods to drink beer;" a "flatulent, self-conceited herd of barbarians," who endeavour to humiliate all those with whom they deal; in fact, a slave race—

vermin with a soul apace.

Fura, furax, infamia, iners, furiosus ratus,

describes the race. They pride themselves on not being like the Popos, ad-

dicted to the "dark and dirty crime of poison;" the fact is, they have been

enabled hitherto to carry everything with a high and violent hand. They

are dark in skin, the brown being of xanthous temperament, middle-sized,

them—agile, good walkers, and hard dancers, that carry little weight.

Their dress is a *godo*, or *T-bandage*, a *nun-pwe* (undercloth), or a *Fion*

(pair of short drawers), and an *ouwo-chyon*, or body-cloth, twelve feet long by four to six broad, worn like the Roman *toga*, from which it may possibly be derived.

The women are of the *Hastini*, or elephant-order, described by the Rev. Koka Pandit, dark, plain, masculine, and comparatively speaking, of large, strong, and square build. They are the reapers as well as the sowers of the field, and can claim the merits of laboriousness, if of no other quality. They tattoo their skins, especially their stomach, with alto-relievo patterns; their dress is a zone of beads, supporting a bandage beneath the *do'vo*, or scanty loin-cloth, which suffices for the poor and for young girls; the upper classes add an *aga-vo*, or over-cloth, two fathoms long, passed under the arms, and covering all from the bosom to the ankles. The peculiarities of their coiffure and ornaments have been explained.

Neither sex ever "wears shirt, shoe, or stocking in their lives."

A description of the King himself is too long to be given, and a dozen words will answer the purpose quite as well. The King is ages in advance of his race, and as much superior to the race as the vulgar believe that all kings are. Immediately noticed as curious are the facts that in Dahome the "swells" salute by flicking the fingers; that nothing is done without three separate ardent drinks; and that they all make presents, expecting to receive in return presents of at least twenty times the value of their own. Home administration is not badly done. They have an effective police, and every official has a duplicate in case of accident, holiday, or what not. Whenever there is anything like a Court ceremonial the visitor is reminded of any burlesque by Mr. Byron—that is to say, the Court Miss Marie Wilton and the Court Mr. J. Clarke strike up a dance whenever they can see their way to an opportunity. But there is a general tendency to fun amongst these sacrificing savages. Captain Burton's peculiar style well describes "y" jester of "y" period" :-

These African "Sutari" are like the guerrots or buffoons, those Senegal professionals who mingle in every crowd, and whose sole object in life is to make men laugh. Ever racking their wits to please, they evince the true negro poverty of invention. There is a lack of variety in their tricks which soon renders them lively as a professionally-engaged mourner or a Turkish mule. Some of them take to the trade early in life; they are, in fact, born and hereditary buffoons. They are remarkable for their ugliness, to which they add by whitewashing the face, arms, and legs. The staple of their entertainment consists in "making faces," as children say; wrinkling foreheads; protruding tongues, and clapping jaws, like apes; in a little rude tumbling, in ugly dancing and agitating the clunes, in drawing in the belly to show emptiness, in smoking a bone or bit of cassava by way of pipe, in producing from huge bags yams and maize paste, of which they boiled mouthfuls; or by pretending to be deaf and dumb—a favourite trick here. They offered us some provisions, and we had the laugh against them by accepting and passing them on to our servants; and they imitated my notes by scratching a sweet potato with a stick. I need not add that they are bull beggars all.

It would be pleasant to know if the King keeps a fool in imitation of his English brothers of three centuries ago; and whether he is called "Dadda," from the English, or the English word has been derived from the African.

In volumes so discursive as these it is perfectly natural in a sketch to dash from flower to flower of the black truths told. Of an assemblage of the King's wives, mothers, aunts, and ladies generally, a sweeping assertion is made—namely, that an uglier collection was never seen. And yet the King is somewhat English in his taste; for he shakes hands and hates the French. He felt flattered by the Consul and suite appearing one day in our insular dress; or, as the Consul puts it, "our uniform having been left at Kana, we were compelled to wear the ordinary attire of Englishmen when they want to be merry." Captain Burton's elaborate pages and chapters concerning the so-called Amazons, the grand customs, the yearly customs, the human sacrifices, the present state of the slave trade, and the negro's place in nature, would suffer by any attempt at description here. The Amazons are not what they are supposed to be, although they can fight. The "customs" are religious observances, and the human sacrifices which accompany them are grossly exaggerated as to number. Some thirty perhaps being the outside, instead of the 1200 which usually figures; and they are prisoners whose death is demanded by religious rites, or, if not, prisoners who would be sold for slaves, which at once settles the Dahoman scruples about slavery. But there are many other sacrifices which may be called occasional. "The Negro's Place in Nature" is a chapter addressed to Dr. Hunt, apropos of his chapter on the same subject. These columns have already reproduced Captain Burton's views on the "nigger" subject, the principal present addition to which would come under these heads:—

"The negro will obey a white man more readily than he will a mulatto, and will obey a mulatto rather than one of his own colour." "The negro is nowhere worse than at home, where he is a curious mixture of cowardice and ferocity." "The negro, in his wild state, makes his wives work. He will not, or rather he cannot, work, except by compulsion, as in the Confederate States, or by necessity, as in Barbadoes."

In compliment to the ladies—we had almost said of both sexes—Captain Burton's description of the Amazons is subjoined:—

In 1863 I saw all these women troops marching on service out of Kana. The officers, distinguished by their white headcloths and by an esquires-at-arms, generally a small slave-girl, carrying the musket, led their commands. They were mostly remarkable for a tremendous stratiotyga, and for a development of adipose tissue which suggested anything but ancient virginity—man does not readily believe in fat "old maids." I expected to see Penthesileas, Thalestrises, Dianas—lovely names! I saw old, ugly, and square-built frows, trudging "grumpily" along, with the face of "cook" after being much "knag'd" by "the misses." The privates carried packs on cradles, like those of the male soldiery, containing their bed-mats, clothes, and food for a week or a fortnight, mostly toasted grains and bean-cake, hot with peppers. Cartridge-pouches of two different shapes were girl round their waists, and slung to their sides were water-gourds, fetish-sacks, bullet-wallets, powder-cabashes, fans, little cutlasses, wooden pipe-cases enveloped in leather tobacco-bags, flint, steel, and tinder, and illiptian stools, with three or four legs, cut out of single blocks. Their weapons were slung, and behind their backs dangled their hats, scarecrow felts, "extinguishers" of white cotton, useful as *sacs de mort*, umbrellas of plaited palm-leaf, and low-crowned, broad-brimmed, home-made straws, covered with baft more or less blue.

And, before having finished with the ladies, a moment must be devoted to the "highest lady in the land." The Ruffian King thinks it necessary to return Queen Victoria's compliment of tent, pipe, waiters, armour, &c. And this is how he does it:—

The gifts were then distributed—a curious contrast with the magniloquence that introduced them. The first batch, about which I was ordered to be most careful, were for the Highest Personage in the kingdom. It consisted of a poor "counterpane," green and white, woven by the fat hands of the Adanegan; a huge leather pouch for the Royal tobacco; and a leather bag to contain change of loincloth when travelling. Besides which, two miserable boys, hideous and half-starved, were sent as table attendants to the Palace of St. James.

The Consul himself received a somewhat similar present—a counterpane, but with fewer boys—and the remainder of the mission party fared but indifferently well. The Consul made a suitable return, and then returned himself, not altogether dissatisfied with his excursion into Dahome; for queer places and queer people have ever been his delight. If Lord Russell be contemplating another mission, let him not forget Richard Burton for Ambassador. If Lord Russell fail, at all events, in a literary sense, Richard Burton will succeed.

INTERESTING EXPERIMENTS WITH THE ELECTRIC LIGHT.—The *Courrier de Bretagne* gives an interesting account of recent experiments with the electric lights at Lorient. The night was dark, many spectators assembled, in addition to the engineers and officers comprising a commission appointed specially by the maritime prefect. First the great dock, in which two ships were under repair, was rendered as light as day, so that the engineers were enabled to go down into it and examine all the details of the repairs. Next a signal mast was fixed, at 700 yards from the Duchayla, and at 500 yards from the Panama steam-frigates; the signals given by flags from the summit of the mast were rendered perfectly visible on board the two ships by means of the electric light. A third experiment caused great surprise and admiration. A diver descended twenty feet under water, and by means of the light was enabled to distinguish the decimal divisions on a scale which was sent down to him and to give proofs of it. This experiment was deemed conclusive. It is now established that an electro-magnetic machine may be permanently fixed to light large workshops, submarine works, and narrow passages into harbours. It was further observed that when the light was brought to bear on the water shoals of fish were attracted by the unusual appearance, and continued to swim round the part lighted. Eels and other fish which were at the bottom of the sea came up to the surface.

